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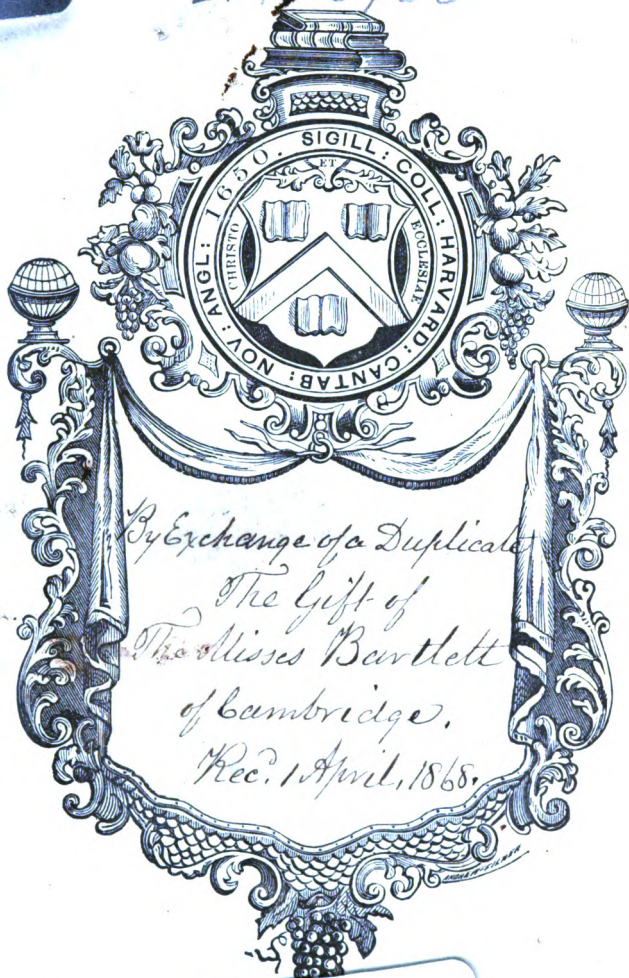


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The designs for the wood-engravings in this volume have been supplied by the kindness of RICHARD GREENE, Esq., Lichfield.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY. THE LIBRARY. THE PRESS.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry—the Press?
By thee religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause;
By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

COWPER.

THE principal scene of our narrative will be the pleasant town of Churchover; and the particular place to which our readers are first to be introduced is the reading-room of the permanent library. It

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was the first Monday in the month, and the members of the committee were duly assembled to perform their usual task of ordering new books, which might gratify the taste and inform the understanding of the subscribers, — consisting of the principal persons in the town and neighbourhood.

The president, an elderly gentleman, with a remarkably benevolent, and, at the same time, shrewd expression of countenance, occupied the chair. Before him was the order-book, in which were written the names of the books proposed or recommended by the different members of the society; and the gentlemen of the committee were seated round the table, ready to pronounce their judgment on the claim of each publication to be admitted into the Churchover library.

“The first book on the list,” said the president, “is *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, by Mrs. Trollope.”

“Mrs. Trollope?” said Mr. A., — “oh, she has written a clever book on America.”

“A very amusing book that,” said Mr. B.

“Capital,” said Mr. C.

So Mrs. Trollope’s *Vicar of Wrexhill* was marked off to be ordered.

“The next on the list is the new novel by the author of *Pelham*.”

“Of course we must have that,” said Mr. A.; the ladies will never forgive us if we do not order some new novels for them.”

It should be observed, by the way, that when-

ever a novel was ordered, it was always said to be for the benefit of the *ladies*; which was hardly fair, because some of the *gentlemen* of the committee were quite as great novel-devourers as the most voracious lady-reader in the neighbourhood. However, be that as it may, the new novel by the author of *Pelham* was ordered for the express reading of the ladies.

"*How to Observe*, by Miss Martineau," said the president, continuing to read the list.

Here a pause ensued.

"Miss Martineau is a spirited writer," at last said Mr. D.

Another pause.

"I must confess," remarked the president, "that I would rather 'observe' with my own eyes than with Miss Martineau's."

As no one said any thing more, or proposed that Miss Martineau's book should be ordered, it was passed over.

"*The Rectory of Valehead*," said the president, taking the next on the list.

No one knew any thing of *The Rectory of Valehead*. [Let me observe, by the way, that every one ought to be acquainted with this delightful little volume; and most people probably *are* so by this time. No one, however, seemed disposed to vouch for it, when it was proposed to the committee.] The president was about to pass on.

"It is but a small duodecimo volume," said a

young clergyman who was present, willing to give it a chance, as he knew the author by character.

"Well, suppose we try it, then," said Mr. A.; and as Messrs. B., C., and D. made no objection, the book was ordered.

Many other books were passed in review before the committee. Some were approved because they were cheap, some because they had a promising title, some because they were written by amusing authors; some were ordered for the ladies, some for the gentlemen; some because the committee took a fancy for them; some because they were getting towards the end of the list, and wanted a few more to make up the number. At last the important business was over, and the meeting broke up.

Two gentlemen remained behind in the reading-room. Mr. Walton the president was engaged in writing out the list of the books which had been ordered; and the young clergyman already mentioned was looking at the Reviews which lay on the table.

"Well, Charles," said the old gentleman, "we have finished our task of catering for the intellectual appetite of our neighbours."

"I hope we have provided the best we were able out of the bill of fare presented to us," said the young curate.

"I must confess," answered Mr. Walton, "it is rather a hard task imposed on the committee to guess at the contents of books by their titles, and to

guarantee that if an author has written one good volume, the next shall be like it ; and it is an office of no small responsibility to supply the reading public with food for the mind, which shall be at once palatable and wholesome. Here we have a hundred guineas or more to lay out every year in new publications, and these are read not only by the subscribers themselves, but by many of their friends, and members of their families. The contents of these volumes are more or less taken in and digested by a large number of persons, and those amongst the most intelligent and influential portion of the community. Must not the mind and feelings of these readers, of necessity, take their tone in some measure from all this mass of reading ? Our minds, like our bodies, are naturally much affected by the character of the food they receive ; opinions and sentiments are imperceptibly absorbed into the system, and contribute to form the general character."

" I have often been amused," said the clergyman, " to observe, in conversation with one's neighbours, manifest traces of our library-reading—opinions evidently adopted from some of the books which we have ordered in. A person's whole stock of conversation for an evening will sometimes be drawn from *Fraser's Magazine* or the *Edinburgh Review*. Nay, you may hear a man argue in this manner against his own principles, without being aware of it."

" It is instructive as well as amusing," continued

Mr. Walton, following out his subject, as he was wont, "to observe how an idea is circulated by the press, and works its way, until it obtains currency amongst the mass of society. I remember the dissenters and liberals used to say, that religion ought to be left to itself, like other things; that *the supply would follow the demand*; and we should soon have places of religious worship enough, if we would but let people build them when they wanted them. This notion, arising from the combined influence of dissent and political economy—a worthy child of such parents—passed current a good while, before the right answer was hit on,—namely, that religion is quite different, in this respect, from other things,—that *those who want religion most are the most ignorant of their want*, and consequently will not seek to have it remedied,—a fact abundantly witnessed by the deficiency of places of worship in our most populous and wealthiest cities. Dr. Chalmers claims the authorship of this manifestly true and sufficient answer. I am inclined to think that it sprang up simultaneously in several quarters. Lord Brougham brought it forward as original in the House of Lords. Then it was of course reported in all the newspapers, and adopted by some of them in their leading articles. Next it ran its course through the reviews and magazines, annual, quarterly, monthly, and weekly: and formed a staple topic in every sermon for the Church-Building Society. At last, it becomes embodied in some eloquent pages of Mr. Gladstone's

Treatise on the Church and State; or, perhaps, in a terse couplet, or pointed stanza, of the *Lyra Apostolica*. And so it has passed through the round of the press in various departments, until it has fixed itself in the mind of the public,—readers communicating it to non-readers; and the contrary opinion is expelled, just as the poison which had been communicated through the venous or alimentary canals is expelled by the antidote, introduced through the same means. So that now one never hears, except from very uninstructed persons indeed, the notion maintained about supply in religion following demand: the idea is obsolete, or the person who maintains it is at once met with the conclusive answer."

"You have tracked your game very successfully in this instance," said the curate; "and I have no doubt it is a just illustration of the mode in which opinions are diffused through the mass of society."

"I wish," continued Mr. Walton, "that we could see the capabilities of the press thoroughly worked out in every department, for the promulgation of sound and profitable opinions. Look only at the wide field which is open, through the means of these libraries—a field which, I fear, is far more generally occupied by the enemies than by the maintainers of truth, or, perhaps, most of all by persons of no fixed and serious opinions. How many volumes of travels are published by persons who know absolutely nothing of the religious state of the countries through

which they pass, and yet speak very confidently about it! how many, too, by persons of latitudinarian views, who care little for any religion at all! And it is the same with other publications. I remember reading a novel called *Yes and No*, and another called *Matilda* (and they are but specimens of a class), in which I was much struck with the want of right feeling, and the utter unconsciousness, on the part of the author, that he was doing mischief by his flippant and irreverent mode of writing. If he introduced a clergyman in his story, he was sure to place him in an insignificant or contemptible point of view; if a court of justice is described (which, of all our institutions, next to the Church, is most worthy of respect), the functionaries are represented as heartless and selfish, and the judge is made to utter some coarse jest at the expense of a criminal who is being tried for life and death. The author of these precious stories (and I have not alluded to the worst parts of them) is evidently quite unaware of the miserable taste and mischievous tendency of this style of writing. It is impossible to keep these books out of our libraries, unless you have better works to order instead of them, and these continually coming out. Now, when we consider that the same plan which we have adopted here in Churchover, of clubbing together for the purchase of new books, is spread over the whole country; that every considerable town, and even where there is no town, almost every neighbourhood, has its book-society amongst

the most intelligent part of the community,—what an influence must this sort of reading have with the mass of educated people! Then, to descend a step lower, there are our lending-libraries instituted in every parish, for the more instructed and intelligent amongst the poorer classes, and those immediately above them. I have been amused to see how well-thumbed the volumes in our parochial library soon become, especially those which are written in an entertaining manner. It has often occurred to me that we have an important opening in these libraries for the introduction of sound knowledge amongst all classes of people. A tolerably well-written book, not too expensive, on almost any subject, is sure to find its way into these quarters, which are generally inaccessible to purely theological works. Many persons, who will not look at a tract or a sermon, will receive the same principles if prepared for them in the shape of a small octavo or duodecimo, which is not too long and tedious; and who knows, when you once get the ear even of a careless reader, how the truths which you may convey shall operate on his mind? Suppose you try your hand, Charles, at some short volume, which shall unite soundness of principle with a popular style of writing; I would engage it shall have a good circulation."

"You forget, sir, that my pen is continually employed in preparing for the pulpit, and my whole time occupied in parochial duties."

"True, you are right; with nearly three thou-

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sand souls under your care, your attention and time is due to your parish. But would it not be easy to find clergymen with smaller parishes, or good laymembers of the Church, who have leisure for this important branch of usefulness? I question whether they could do more effectual good to the cause of truth, than by employing themselves in this department of literature. If my own powers of imagination were not well nigh dried up by old age, I think I would endeavour to set on foot a series of such volumes. (I would not have them too grave, nor, on the other hand, too light and trifling. They should not be religious novels. It is impossible to avoid much unprofitable trifling in books, the main point of interest in which is some love-affair. At the same time they must not want sufficient incident to lead forward even the most careless readers. We must take our readers as we find them, and provide accordingly. They are careless, but, to do them justice, not uninstructed, or unable to digest strong meat, if you serve it up in such a manner as to overcome their indolence. The fact is, that men of business, who have spent their whole day at their counting-house or chambers, are unable, even if they were willing, to give their minds to books which require deep attention. When they have glanced their eye over the newspaper, they take up some volume of light reading, which may amuse and interest them: and therefore, if we would influence them through this channel, we must provide for

them sound instruction in an agreeable form. A great mistake in persons who have attempted this style of writing, is, that they have not thought it necessary to put forth the whole power of their mind, but have provided crude and trashy matter, which men of strong minds and power of reasoning, like our intelligent middle classes, yawn over, or laugh at. I want to see books which shall beguile the reader onwards, while, at the same time, they furnish him with thoughts which will fix themselves in his mind, and strike him as sound and valuable.”)

“Is not the task which you propose rather a difficult one?”

“Not so difficult as you may imagine. Any man who could write a good argumentative sermon, well illustrated, and brought home to the feelings by a warm application, might, if he would turn his mind to it, produce the volumes which are wanted. It is but the application of true principles to the daily affairs of life, more pointedly and particularly than can be done from the pulpit. Half the listeners to sermons seem unconscious that what they hear is intended for their every-day practice. *What we want is, the home-application of religious truth to the various circumstances of life, and the infusion of good sterling principle into our every-day literature.* The press has done its worst against the Church; let us storm the batteries, and turn them against the enemy.”

Thus did the shrewd and worthy president of

the book-society go on, alternately generalising and particularising, until he had tied up his papers and books : and taking his young friend's arm, he sallied homewards.

Having made this chapter serve the double purpose of apologising for the appearance of the present volume, and introducing our principal characters, we must now travel backwards in the course of time, and give a more detailed account of the two gentlemen with whom the reader has somewhat abruptly been made acquainted.



CHAPTER II..

RETROSPECTIVE. BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF MR. CLEMENT WALTON.

Let none now blame me, if in discipline
Of virtue, and of civil uses' lore,
I do not form them to the common line
Of present days, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique use which was of yore.

SPENSER.

BEFORE commencing our story, it will be necessary, first of all, to state, in general terms, what is the sort of character which it is intended to delineate.

Briefly, then—we mean to draw a picture of *one*

c

who, in all the social relations of life, acts on Christian principles; one who, as a father or son, a master or servant, in public or in private,—in short, in whatever station he may be placed, performs his duty to his neighbour as becomes a member of the Christian Church.

Such a man was Mr. Clement Walton, the hero of the following pages.

CLEMENT WALTON was the son of the Rev. John Walton, vicar of Churchover, a small but flourishing town in the north of England. About the time of his arrival, his father, being a pious and learned man, was very deep in the works of the celebrated Greek father whose name his son afterwards bore; and having already lavished, rather too profusely, on seven elder children, all the titles which were considered as properly belonging to the family of Walton, it struck him that he could not bestow on his eighth child a more agreeable, well-omened, or appropriate Christian name than Clement.

It is very observable how often the character and complexion of a man's life will turn apparently on trifling circumstances.

"Come hither, Clement," said his father to him one day, as he was running in from the grammar-school; "let me see how you get on in your Latin." It was a half-holiday, and Clement had promised himself a game at football with his schoolfellows. However, as he never disobeyed his father, he went

immediately into the study with his *Delectus* and Latin grammar, and cheerfully submitted to the examination, conjugating the Latin verbs with great exactness, and shewing considerable tact in construing some rather involved passages which were placed before him.

"Well done, Clement," said his father, when he had finished his examination; "I declare we must call you *Clemens Romanus*." So henceforth *Clemens Romanus* was his name; until he was some years older, when, after an equally satisfactory examination in the Greek Testament, his father changed his appellation to *Clemens Alexandrinus*.

These familiar titles naturally begat in the boy a desire to know something about his namesakes; and he learned, on inquiry, that the first was one of the earliest Christians, a fellow-labourer* of St. Paul, and afterwards bishop of Rome: and that the other was an eminent father of the Church of Alexandria. "I hope some day you will read their works," said his father, pointing to some huge folios on the lower shelf of his book-case.

Now Clement honoured his parent; and as he had often seen him reading the "great books," he naturally conceived a reverence for them, and being of an inquiring disposition, he was anxious to know what they were about. His father, to please him, brought them out, and shewed him the title-pages and tables of contents, and talked to him about the

* Phil. iv. 3.

holiness and sufferings of the first Christians. Thus it was that Clement began, as it appeared almost by accident, to take an interest in the history of the early Church, with which, by his father's kind assistance, he soon became tolerably well acquainted. He learned all about the ancient saints and martyrs, and would stoutly maintain their cause against the worthies of Greece and Rome. If one of his school-fellows praised the brave Leonidas, Clement would contend that Ignatius, Polycarp, and a hundred other Christian saints, had laid down their lives with equal courage, not for a mere point of honour, but in the sacred cause of truth. He would not allow that Curtius, who for his country's good plunged into the yawning gulf, was a greater man than Telemachus the Christian, who rushed between the combatants in the amphitheatre, and, at the sacrifice of his life, prevailed on his contemporaries to abolish their blood-stained games. In short, you had but to mention a Greek or Roman hero, and Clement was prepared with a Christian to match him.

"Pray," said he to his father one day, "what is the reason why the classical reading at our schools is confined almost entirely to the times before our Lord's coming, and no instruction is given in the history of the Christian Church?"

This was one of those questions which youth sometimes puts to age, and age finds it not very easy to answer. His father paused for a moment, and then replied,—

“ The reason probably is, that the language of the early Christian fathers is not so pure as that of the Augustan age, or the ages of Pericles and Demosthenes.”

“ But still,” said the inquiring Clement, “ why should we not learn at least the *history* of the Christian Church, and of those great men who were, under Providence, the means of establishing it ?”

To this his father acknowledged that he could give no satisfactory answer.*

Mr. Walton, being a good and learned man, was delighted at the interest which Clement continued to take in Church-history, and hoped that some day he would become a valuable and well-informed clergyman.

But Clement was not destined to pursue exactly the course of life which had been sketched out for him. When he was about sixteen, his uncle came to spend a few days at Churchover ; and being much pleased with Clement’s shrewdness and diligence, he offered to find him a place in his counting-house at Liverpool, with the understanding that, if he continued to act properly, he would eventually provide for him. His father, who already with difficulty

* Why should not a Latin student have some excerpts from Lactantius, Minucius Felix, or Jerome, all writers of good style ? Or a Greek student, from Chrysostom, or Basil, who wrote as good Greek as Ælian, or Longinus, or Plutarch ? Why should he read Lucian, a profane scoffer and jester at things sacred, and not Justin Martyr ?

maintained two sons at the university, consented, though reluctantly, to the arrangement; and Clement was forthwith removed from the grammar-school at Churchover, and found himself seated on a high stool in the counting-house of Messrs. Reithard, Walton, and Plodaway.

Now, perhaps, some of my readers will think that all poor Clement's classical and ecclesiastical knowledge was of no further use to him, and that the time he had spent in acquiring it was sadly thrown away. But such a supposition would be most incorrect. It is always an advantage to a man through life to be a good classical scholar, besides that the grammatical study of language is of primary importance in opening the mind. I have been assured of the following fact by a highly intelligent gentleman, who is master of a grammar-school. His scholars are chiefly of the middle rank of life, and they receive classical instruction, or not, according to the option of their parents. At the time when prizes are awarded for proficiency in different departments of learning, my informant assures me, that those boys who learn the classics invariably carry off the prizes for arithmetic, mathematics, geography, and the other branches of learning, to which their fellow-pupils have devoted the whole of their time. It would lead us into too long a discussion, if we were to endeavour to explain the causes of this phenomenon. The fact is unquestionable, that classical

learning has a charm for the genius of youth which is not found in any other study ; while, at the same time, it improves the mind and enlarges the capacities for other kinds of knowledge.

“Many people,” says an excellent writer, “complain that our grammar-schools teach nothing but Latin and Greek. It sounds little enough ; but what does it mean ? In learning Latin and Greek the boy *learns thoroughly the principles of grammar*, which are common to all languages, but are not exhibited in such variety of detail, and therefore cannot be learnt so well, in any other as in these. He learns *the history* of all the nations of the ancient world so effectually, that he knows not only the events and names, but the thoughts, feelings, and manners of each time and people, almost as though he had lived among them : and thus he lays the only foundation of a rational knowledge of the modern nations which have come after those ancient ones. He learns *geography*. He learns to read *two languages*, without acquaintance with which a man can make little progress in any of the higher kinds of knowledge, but which it is yet hardly possible to acquire in later life. He learns to *write* grammatically and concisely. He learns what genius, patriotism, moral and intellectual energy, and dignity are, by becoming familiar with what they have done. All his powers are developed to the utmost ; and, at the same time, *he is habituated to steady, hard work*. He is trained to think of work as inse-

parable from life ; he is educated to be a practical man." *

So it proved with Clement Walton. The attention which he had given to classical literature was of the greatest advantage to him, in rendering his judgment sound and vigorous, and expanding the faculties of his mind ; and his knowledge of Church-history was not one whit more than every educated churchman ought to possess, if he desires to form an unbiassed judgment on the development of God's scheme of redemption, and the establishment of the Christian Church. It is for lack of this knowledge, unfortunately so little attended to in modern systems of education, that the generality of English Protestants have no notion of a Church beyond the *Establishment* of the country in which they are. Though they are Episcopalians in England, they would be Presbyterians at Geneva or Amsterdam ; and, carrying back their historical views no further than the Reformation in the sixteenth century, suppose all that was before that period, from the time of the apostles downwards, to have been an age of darkness and ignorance, popery and superstition.

Let me, before concluding this chapter, revert to the question which Clement put to his father. What is the cause of the almost universal neglect of Church-history in our grammar-schools, our public schools, and even our universities ? Why is it that

* See *Educational Magazine* for January 1840, p. 50.

many a man, otherwise well educated, has positively no knowledge whatever, unless his attention has been accidentally turned to it, of the constitution of the ancient Church, and the biography of her most eminent men? Surely the great value of such knowledge to a Christian churchman must at once be acknowledged by all who consider it,—not only for the sake of mere information, but for the moral and religious sentiments which it is calculated to nourish. What is the factious animosity of the petty states of Greece, or even the patriotic zeal with which they repelled the Persian invader,—what is all this to a Christian, in comparison with that holy, patient, and resolute courage with which the first soldiers of the cross met their persecutions, and fought the fight of faith? Why are Christian youths carefully trained in the knowledge of Greek mythology, and expected to know all the stories of the heathen gods and goddesses,—yet left in ignorance of the noble deeds of the saints, martyrs, and confessors of the Christian Church? Why taught to admire the unprincipled democracy of Athens, and the proud republic of Rome? why expected to know all the minutest details of the social system raised by the impure Greeks, or by the overbearing rapacious Romans,—yet kept in ignorance of the working out of that divine system of discipline and morals which grew up under the eyes of the apostles, and overthrew, by its moral influence, the systems of ancient heathenism and gentile philosophy?

I do not mean to say that the objectionable parts of classical literature are a sufficient reason for neglecting it; on the contrary, it is the best mirror in which youth can learn what the world really is, without being exposed to its contamination; and language, in its purest form, cannot be learned from any other source. But why, I ask, should the holier works of antiquity be discarded? why should we reject only what is Christian? Is it not well worth considering, whether in the advancement of education which is now taking place throughout the country, it will not be desirable to introduce this much-neglected branch into the system of ordinary instruction, and train up our middle classes with some knowledge of the history of the ancient Church, in order to make them sounder churchmen, and therefore better Christians?



CHAPTER III.

MR. WALTON, HAVING SEEN THE WORLD, RETURNS TO SETTLE
IN HIS NATIVE TOWN.

The greater sort crave worldly goods,
And riches do embrace;
But, Lord, grant us thy countenance,
Thy blessing and thy grace.

For thereby thou shalt make my heart
More joyful and more glad,
Than they that of their corn and wine
Full great increase have had.

4th Psalm. Old version.

It was not without a pang of regret that young Clement bade farewell to his kind parent and left the home of his childhood. He betook himself, however, to his new occupation with so much good will and assiduity, that in a very short time he was perfectly master of all that his situation required. It was not decreed that he should remain many years in the counting-house at Liverpool. His employers being about to set up a branch-establishment in America, entrusted Clement with a part of the management. It was at a time when England was making great exertions to extend her commercial relations with all parts of the habitable globe; and Clement having shewn his ability and trust-worthiness in the

difficult task committed to him, was afterwards employed successively in several other countries, into which his employers were pushing their mercantile operations. His diligence and sound judgment insured success, and his integrity was such as might have been confidently expected in one whose youth had been so well trained. As with Joseph, "the Lord was with him, and he was a prosperous man;" "and the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand."

It is not my intention to follow Clement Walton through all the varied scenes of his life. Suffice it to say, that he returned in middle age, with an ample fortune, to his native town, bringing with him a wife and two infant daughters, having accepted an offer which was made to him to become partner in a flourishing and old-established provincial bank.

It was a good day for Churchover when Mr. Walton came to live there. Upright, experienced, and active, his character was soon appreciated by his fellow-townsmen, and he obtained that influence amongst them which worth like his was sure to command.

Years passed on, and God still continued to bless him with increasing prosperity. At the time when I am about to introduce our Citizen more particularly to my readers, he was a hale man of sixty-five, still vigorous and active. He had resigned his personal share in the bank to younger partners, and had recently laid out a considerable portion of his property



MR. WALTON ENTERTAINS THE IDEA OF BUILDING A HOUSE.

in the purchase of a landed estate in the neighbourhood of Churchover, a part of which he kept in his own hands for the sake of amusement, as well as occupation. Soon after he made the purchase, Mr. Walton talked of building a house on his estate, and turning country-gentleman; and he had several plans, both Grecian and Gothic, which it amused him to discuss. It was indeed a great temptation. He had on his property the choicest situation imaginable for a house, well timbered, sheltered from the east and north, and commanding a delicious prospect. You had but to throw down a few hedgerows, and replace them by invisible fences, and the grounds would have looked like a nobleman's park: besides, to an active man like Mr. Walton, what a delightful excitement would it be—at least in the common estimation—to superintend his workmen and labourers; to see his new mansion gradually rising from the ground; to lay out his gardens and plantations; to plan his hot-houses and ice-houses, cow-houses and conservatories, pineries and piggeries, and all the numerous appurtenances and conveniences in which country-gentlemen of a certain fortune usually take so much delight. Still nothing was decided: month after month passed on, and Mr. Walton was irresolute. It was the only instance of indecision which he had ever been known to exhibit.

One morning when he was reading the Scriptures to his family—for this was a duty which he never omitted—the following passage occurred, in the first

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Epistle of St. John,—“ Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him : for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world : and the world passeth away and the lust thereof ; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.” These words sunk deep into the heart of Mr. Walton, and decided him in his course.

“ My dear Margaret,” said he to his wife, who shared all his thoughts, and was the partner of all his joys and sorrows, “ my mind greatly misgives me respecting this house which we have thought of building ; I fear it will be but a snare to us ; and therefore I have come to the conclusion that it would be better to give it up. If I had been a younger man, and had to begin the world, I do not see that there would have been any objection to it : I might have built a suitable house, and have lived on my estate in the honourable and useful capacity of a country-gentleman. But at my time of life, I think it will be wrong and unprofitable to leave the sphere of usefulness in which God has placed me, and give the few remaining years of my age to luxurious self-gratification. It is no easy thing, in this present world, to draw near with the heart to God ; and I fear the difficulty would be much increased by entering upon this scheme of worldly excitement. I think, therefore, on all accounts, my dear Margaret,

it would be better for us to remain contented in the situation in which we are placed, rather than begin an undertaking which may divert our minds from higher and better thoughts."

Mrs. Walton, devoted to her husband, and accustomed to defer to his judgment, was not sorry that he had, of his own accord, given up a scheme which she had long perceived weighed upon his mind: so the plans were put aside and gradually forgotten. Instead of a fine mansion, Mr. Walton contented himself with building a cottage and dairy for the use of his family, and making such improvements on his estate as were suitable and necessary, and afforded occasion for a healthful walk. No human being but his wife knew the motive of Mr. Walton's change of purpose, or the struggle which had taken place within his breast. The triumph of conscience over inclination, or rather of grace over nature, was marked by no eye but that of God, who knoweth the hearts of men.

After this wise decision, Mr. Walton entered with greater cheerfulness and alacrity than ever upon the duties to which he now devoted the remainder of his life. Behold him, therefore, quietly settled down in the respectable and useful station which he had chosen. His knowledge of the world, his extensive information, and ample fortune, spent with liberality, naturally gave him the lead amongst his fellow-townsmen; and his vigorous sense and aptitude for business was devoted to a diligent and un-

obtrusive attendance to those public and charitable institutions with which our English country-towns so generally abound.

Mr. Walton's mode of thinking and acting will be more fully developed as we proceed. It may be as well, however, to state, that in religious principles he was a sound and pious Churchman, or what is less correctly described by the name of High Churchman: by which, let it not be understood that he was one of those who belong to the Church because it is by law established, and see no blemishes, or need of improvement; no, he was a true and consistent member of the Church universal—the one Catholic and Apostolic Church.) Here were seen the advantages of the early training which he had received from his father. He identified himself with that Church which had been from the beginning,—the Church of Christ and his apostles, of Polycarp, Ignatius, Clemens. To this Church, and not merely to a local or separate establishment, it was his boast to belong. Hence, when in Scotland, he joined himself to the ancient episcopal communion, notwithstanding that it had been violently dispossessed and persecuted. That which once was the true Church, he conceived must ever remain so. In America he found a flourishing branch of the episcopal and apostolic fellowship, and rejoiced to see its advancing influence. When in the East, he recognised in the Greek Catholic Church the ancient form of communion, much overlaid indeed with superstitious customs, but requiring only the breath

of the Holy Spirit to rouse it to its ancient vitality. Nay, even when resident (in Roman Catholic countries, he found Christian brethren, who, in spite of the grievous corruptions of their Church, held those vital and essential doctrines of faith,) which have been providentially preserved in their creeds and formularies through ages of the grossest darkness.

Mr. Walton's notion was something of this sort : — he considered that the ancient Church universal, when formed by the apostles and their immediate successors, might be compared to a range of uniform mansions, under one common roof, the Church in each country being represented by one of the mansions. In process of years they all got sadly out of repair, until at last the inhabitants of some of them began to think it was time to put them to rights. Accordingly the English carefully swept out all the dust and dirt which had accumulated by the neglect of ages ; and finding the framework entire, and the plan such as could not possibly be improved, having been formed by a master-builder, they restored their mansion as nearly as possible to the condition in which it had been built originally. Some nations, on the other hand, took down their houses and built them up again ; but setting ignorantly to work, and acting entirely on their own judgment, they made a poor job of it, leaving out some of the most important parts, and building up the rest in so inconvenient a manner, that they neither joined on with the others, nor in fact were able to shelter the inmates from

the weather. Others, again, declined to repair their houses at all, and preferred keeping them as they were. Hence it is that, of the different Christian communities, some, as the Roman and Greek Churches, are still in a very dilapidated state, in need of extensive repair; others, as the Protestant communities of Switzerland and Germany, are built up in such a poor unsightly manner, that they can scarcely be said to belong to the original plan, being, in many respects, quite different from those built by the apostles. Others, again, as the English Church, and her numerous dependencies, present, as far as can be learned, the same appearance—allowing, of course, for difference of the times—as when they were first reared by the apostles.

But though Mr. Walton was a sound and enlightened member of the Church catholic or universal, he was not on that account a less zealous adherent of that branch which he found established in his native land. He daily blessed the providence of God, which had chosen his country as the resting-place of the ark, and had endowed it with a pure reformed communion; and being convinced that it was indeed a healthy branch of the true Church, he submitted himself unreservedly to her guidance. By many of his neighbours Mr. Walton was thought rather fanciful, on account of his strict observance of the ordinances of the Church. (Some whispered that he had a tendency to popery, because he observed the fasts and festivals set down in the calendar of his Prayer-

book !) Still, when any conversation arose on these matters,—and Mr. Walton was always ready to enter freely into such subjects,—he set forth and maintained his opinion in so consistent and moderate a manner, appealing to Scripture and ancient history and the acknowledged formularies of our own reformed branch ; and, above all, his sentiments were so well enforced by the consistency of his conduct, that people were imperceptibly brought over to his views. It was a matter of surprise to some, that Mr. Walton, decidedly pious as he was, and acting openly on strict religious principles, did not more cordially join those who are called evangelical. It was true that he never was heard to cast the slightest reflection on them ; and if they were attacked in his presence, he would defend them, and express his admiration of their zeal and sincerity, wishing that others would, in this respect, imitate them. Still, he was not of their party, and seemed to act in some respects from a different principle. In many points he was more strict than they : he never missed the sacrament of the Lord's supper ; he attended prayers regularly on the Wednesdays and Fridays ; he subscribed far more largely to religious institutions, though not to so many of them. Had men known his private charities, they would have been aware that they were even greater than what he gave in public. He required no excitement or popular harangues to induce him to contribute ; indeed he was rather backward at attending public meetings. When,

however, a great deal came to be said and written about church-extension, and diocesan education, Mr. Walton was seized with an unusual activity, and joined the movement with his whole heart and soul. He even took a prominent part in getting up a public meeting, and spoke for at least half an hour from the platform, where he had never been known to appear before, and ended by setting down his name for 1000*l*. The reason of this zeal was, that he believed the plans to be conducted on sound Church-principles, which, in many other societies, had been too much overlooked.

In short, it was evident that Mr. Walton's religious opinions and feelings, though somewhat different from prevailing notions, were not one whit less deeply seated and efficacious ;—nay, if you might judge from results, were even more so ; and people came at length to acknowledge, that his way of thinking, and his habits, were quite as scriptural as those which were in current vogue ; that the good which he aimed at effecting was of a more permanent character, and the means which he employed certainly more in accordance with the ordinances and usages of the Church.



CHAPTER IV.

**MR. WALTON PROVES HIMSELF A PRACTICAL CHURCH-
REFORMER. SOME ACCOUNT OF THE NEW CURATE.**

What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,
Or spendthrift's prodigal excess, afford,
Sweet as the privilege of healing woe,
By virtue suffered combating below ?
That privilege was thine ; Heaven gave thee means
To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn.
Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food.

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Yet was thy liberality discreet,
Wise in its choice, and of a tempered heat ;
And though in act unwearied, secret still—
As in some solitude the summer-rill
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

COWPER.

ABOUT the time at which we have arrived, the good people of Churchover were in some perplexity. Churchover is a vicarage of about 120*l.* per annum. Mr. Latimer, the vicar, who succeeded Mr. Walton's father, had been a good and zealous pastor, and had worn out the best years of his life in the care of his flock. But, alas, age and infirmity had crept upon him, his eye had become dim, his voice impaired, and

his natural force abated : still, being utterly unable, from poverty, to maintain a curate, he went on, week after week, and month after month, getting with difficulty through his two services, and attending as he was best able to the duties of his parish.

One of the greatest blemishes in our national establishment is the want of retiring pensions for aged and infirm clergymen. It is a blemish which might, one would think, be easily remedied ; but little has at present been done. The consequence is, that where the income of the living is small, as it is in most of our town-vicarages, a zealous clergyman, like Mr. Latimer, when he finds his strength decaying, and feels himself incompetent to perform his duties with that energy and activity which he once exerted, has the additional grief of seeing the more ignorant and unstable portion of the congregation, who have itching ears and are fond of novelty, go off to the dissenting meeting-house ; and even the most stanch and well-affected Churchmen, though they still continue, of course, to attend the Church-service, yet have cause to lament the decay of his powers.

It is surprising how extremely inconsiderate many persons are with regard to this matter. If the Church of England is the true Church—if her doctrine and discipline are, as we believe, apostolic, surely no circumstances can be conceived under which it is safe or right to separate from her communion. When persons complain of the clergy, I am disposed to ask them whether the fault may

not be in a great measure their own. Have they ever earnestly prayed to God for them? have they piously offered up the supplications which are directed to be used every day in the Ember-weeks for those who are about to be admitted to holy orders,—that God in his mercy “will so guide and govern the minds of his servants, the bishops and pastors of his flock, that they may lay hands suddenly on no man, but faithfully and wisely make choice of fit persons to serve in the sacred ministry of his Church?” And for those who are already ordained, and for their own particular minister, have they prayed that God will “give them his grace and heavenly benediction,” and “replenish them with the truth of his doctrine, and endue them with innocency of life?” If all Christian men would fervently join in these prayers, we cannot doubt that a great blessing would result to the ministry. Take, however, if you please, the worst case which can be imagined: suppose, what cannot fail to happen, unless it be by a miracle, in a body of fifteen or sixteen thousand men (for such is the number of the clergy of the Church of England),—suppose a clergyman of scandalous life, or grossly negligent habits: what is the duty of religious and serious Churchmen in the parish? Unquestionably their only course, their bounden duty, is to complain to the bishop, and request his interference, and if the bishop does not attend to their complaint, then they should apply to the archbishop. If all remonstrance fail, or if legal hinderances, which un-

fortunately sometimes stand in the way of Church-discipline, prevent the immediate removal of the offender, still they should remember that "the effect of Christ's ordinance is not taken away by the wickedness of ministers, nor is the grace of God's gifts diminished from such as by faith and rightly do receive the sacraments ministered unto them; which be effectual because of Christ's institution and promise, although they be administered by evil men."* As a last resort, persons scandalized by the conduct of their clergyman might attend the church in the next parish, or even remove themselves and their families from the place: but on no account,—under no circumstances conceivable in this country,—is it safe or proper to separate from the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, and join a schismatical communion. Nothing but the most extreme case,—such, for instance, as that of a ship's crew wrecked on a desert island,—can warrant a man who is not episcopally ordained, in taking upon himself the office of the ministry. Who can say what vengeance God may bring on those who, without authority, pretend to consecrate the bread and wine, and administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper? Have we forgotten the case of Uzzah,† who was struck dead because he touched the ark, even though to save it from falling, when the oxen stumbled? Have we forgotten the dreadful punishment inflicted on Korah,

* Article xxvi.

† 2 Sam. vi. 7.

Dathan, and Abiram,* when, contrary to the law of God, they aspired to the priesthood? And it should be remembered that, not only themselves, but all their "company," and "all that appertained to them," went down alive into the pit, and perished from among the congregation. These are but examples of God's wrath visibly and openly executed, which, under the present dispensation, is reserved for the judgment of the last day. How strangely ignorant of their danger do those persons appear, who make no scruple of leaving the communion of the Church, and joining themselves to some dissenting congregation, because perhaps they like the dissenting preacher better than their own! as if truth or falsehood depended on skill in preaching; as if the Church, with her beautiful Liturgy, her pious formularies, and divinely ordained sacraments, did not remain the same, whatever were the merits or demerits of some particular local minister. It is a fearful and dangerous thing, if people would but consider it, to leave the communion of God's people, and desert Christ's ordinances, and the sacraments of his Church, under any circumstances. What, then, must be the folly and guilt of those who capriciously separate from the Church, under the frivolous pretext that the preacher does not happen to suit their fancy!

I am sorry to say, however, that such was the case, though not extensively, at Churchover. Poor

* Numbers xvi.

Mr. Latimer, from no fault of his own, but from bodily infirmity, was unable to preach with his accustomed force : the consequence of which was, that his church gradually emptied, and the dissenting chapel filled ; for the dissenters, taking advantage of the circumstances, sent a popular preacher to Churchover, and had a grand revival, or, as they termed it, " a protracted meeting," which, with some few uninstructed people, took amazingly.

Now some persons perhaps will think that there was no help for the Churchmen in this dilemma : they must sit still, and let the dissenters make their play, until it should please God to remove poor old Mr. Latimer, and then they might hope for an improvement. Mr. Walton was of a different opinion. One morning he called on the old clergyman, who was verging on his eightieth year : " Mr. Latimer," said he, after a little friendly conversation, " I well remember the time when you succeeded to the vicarage of Churchover ; I came over from Liverpool to attend my father's funeral and settle his affairs, and I had an interview with you the day after the funeral in this very room. You will excuse me for calling old times to your recollection, but I have never forgotten your kindness in allowing my widowed mother to remain in the parsonage as long as it suited her convenience, and your liberality about the dilapidations."

" Ah, sir," said Mr. Latimer, a tear starting in his eye, " I often call to mind the time when I first

came to this parish ; I was a hale, strong man, in the vigour of life, well able to perform the duties of my office, and willing to spend and be spent in God's service. Alas, I am but a poor weak vessel now ! God help me, and grant me forgiveness for the many things left undone in his service."

" I can assure you, sir," replied Mr. Walton, " it is with great concern that many of your parishioners, as well as myself, have observed the difficulty which you have in performing the two full services of the Church ; and we have thought you would not be offended at the proposal of a plan which we have been considering. The plan is simply this :—I am willing to pay fifty pounds a year towards the salary of a curate, and some of the rest of your parishioners will make up fifty more amongst them. The appointment of the curate will, of course, be left entirely to yourself. We hope that this arrangement will not be disagreeable to you, and will relieve you from the most burdensome part of your duties. I beg at the same time, in my own behalf, and in behalf of many others of your parishioners, to express the sincere respect and attachment which we feel towards you, and to request that you will accept our offer as a small tribute of our gratitude for your long and valued services."

The tears streamed freely from the eyes of the aged pastor, as he received from his parishioners this token of their regard. " My dear sir," said he, taking Mr. Walton's hand, " your liberality has re-

lieved me from a weight of sorrow which has long pressed heavily upon my mind. I have felt, with grief, my inability to perform efficiently the duties of my responsible office ; I have often prayed to be released, if it were God's will ; and had almost come to the conclusion that it was my duty to relinquish my situation altogether, though, in so doing, I must have consigned myself to utter poverty. I have indeed reason to bless God that he has given me so kind a parishioner, and I beg you will convey my sincere thanks to those who have so liberally come forward to aid me in my distress, and assure them of an old man's blessing, which is all he has to offer."

Mr. Walton, having obtained his pastor's consent to the proposed arrangement, did not wait to receive the overflowings of his gratitude, but kindly took his leave. And no sooner was he gone, than the aged man threw himself on his knees before God, and, in earnest prayer and thanksgiving, offered up the deep feelings of a grateful heart for the signal mercy bestowed upon him.

The appointment of the new curate was soon concluded. Mr. Latimer wrote to his old friend, the Principal of ——— College, Oxford, to request that he would recommend to him a zealous and orthodox curate ; and before a month had elapsed, Mr. Hammond was licensed to the curacy.

In a small town like Churchover, where there is little variety of events, the arrival of a new clergy-

man is an occasion of great interest. The church is of course unusually crowded on the first day of his appearance ; all sorts of conjectures are afloat ; some of the parishioners are anxious to know whether he is young or old, tall or short, plain or well-looking, married or unmarried, rich or poor ; some are desirous of learning what sort of a preacher he is,—whether he has a good voice, a pleasant delivery, whether he is evangelical or orthodox. Nay, even the most serious members of a Christian community are, of course, solicitous to observe whether their minister is, from his ability and zeal, likely to promote the cause of God's true religion.

In some respects Mr. Hammond rather puzzled his parishioners. As to appearance, it was easy to see at once that he was a gentleman of middle size, hair rather dark, face oval, with a grave but pleasant cast of countenance, and, when he preached, capable of great expression and animation ; his voice, too, was good, and his delivery earnest and unaffected. All this the parishioners could discern from his first sermon ; but as to other points, their curiosity was not so easily to be satisfied. Of his fortune they could learn nothing : he took a very small lodging in the outskirts of the town, and lived in the plainest possible manner, without horse, gig, or servant ; yet he gave his money freely to the poor, and subscribed to the different parochial charities with the greatest liberality. Indeed, except Mr. Walton himself, no one contributed more handsomely. But what most per-

plexed the good people of Churchover, was how to class their new curate as to doctrine. Calvinistic certainly he was not, nor even of the evangelical party ; neither was he what they had generally supposed High Churchmen to be. One thing, however, soon appeared, that he was full of zeal, and entirely devoted to his ministerial duties. His attention to his parish was unwearied, and the effects of his exertions were soon perceived in the increase of his congregation. Owing to the infirmity of the vicar, the management of the parish fell almost entirely to his share ; and (Mr. Latimer allowed him to make certain alterations, or rather restorations) of old customs, which, though expressly ordered by the Church, had fallen into disuse. For instance, he read the Athanasian creed on those days when it was ordered by the rubric ; he gave notice of all fasts and festivals, and had a regular service when they occurred ; during the Ember-weeks he read the prayer which is appointed to be offered up by the Church for those who are about to be admitted to holy orders ; and when the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered, he reverently placed the bread and wine upon the table, as it is directed, before the prayer for the Church militant.

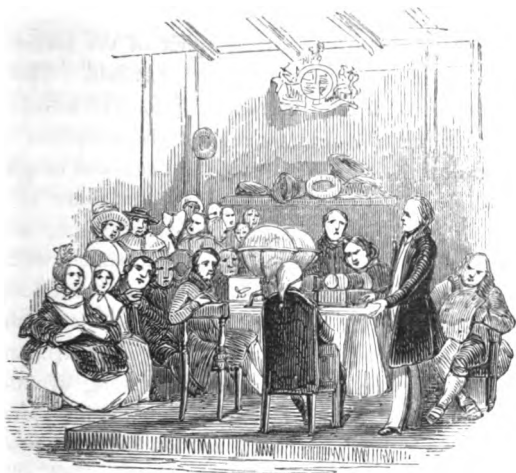
These, and other slight restorations of forgotten parts of the Church-service, caused the parishioners to talk about several points of doctrine and practice which before they had never thought of. The dissenters spread a report that Mr. Hammond was

a papist in disguise, and a dangerous person; but sensible people asked how could that be, when he kept exactly to the Prayer-book of the Church of England? In his preaching Mr. Hammond spoke very plainly and authoritatively; but at the same time he gave his instruction that turn, that it never appeared as if he was assuming any undue personal authority, but simply that he was the mouthpiece of the Church. Many of the old people said that he often put them in mind of old Mr. Walton, who was long since dead and gone.

Whether his son thought so or not, I cannot say, but certain it is that he took a great liking to the young curate; and they soon found that they perfectly understood each other. This friendship proved extremely useful to Mr. Hammond, and added greatly to his consideration and influence in the parish. Nor was it less agreeable to the other party. Kind actions seldom go unrewarded, even in this world. The generosity of Mr. Walton, in relieving the wants of his aged pastor, was blessed to his own comfort and profit, by bringing him acquainted with an excellent and amiable young man, with whom he soon became linked in the closest bonds of friendship; for, unlike old persons in general, his warm heart was not incapable of contracting a new friendship; and Mr. Hammond, on his part, was no less delighted with the confidence and conversation of his open-hearted parishioner. They were both thinkers, as well as talkers. If Mr. Walton had more of worldly

experience, Mr. Hammond had the advantage in book-learning. Some account of the intercourse of two such men will, I hope, not be unacceptable to my readers.





CHAPTER V.

THE MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.

——— Our lot is given us in a land
Where busy arts are never at a stand ;
Where Science points her telescopic eye,
Familiar with the wonders of the sky ;
Where bold Inquiry, diving out of sight,
Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light ;
Where nought eludes the persevering quest,
That fashion, taste, or luxury suggest.

WORDSWORTH.

ONE peculiar feature in the English character is that activity of mind which prompts men to be continually aiming at advancement and improvement in every department of life ;—a disposition resulting in a great

measure from the commercial spirit of the nation, which, in its turn, it fosters and extends. Most English towns contain certain busy, active-minded men, who are the first to suggest the adoption of schemes for the improvement of the place and neighbourhood. It is manifest, however, that there is a great difference in the character of active men, and in the value of their activity ; and that, while a well-directed activity may produce the most beneficial results, the activity of bad men can yield little but evil. One man shall look with the eye of Christian love and pity on the multitudes perishing around him for lack of knowledge, and shall feel his spirit stirred within him, and shall set his mind on procuring for them the means of worshipping God, and receiving pastoral instruction, and educating their children in God's true religion. He shall give freely of his money ; and if "silver and gold he has none," he shall devote his talents and time to the cause : — it shall be his dream by night, and his occupation by day, until his object be accomplished. It is incredible how much may be effected even by one mind zealously set on a given object ; and he who has occasioned the building of one church or school for religious instruction, has not lived in vain. He is a fellow-worker with God ; generations after him will benefit by his good deeds ; and if they have been done in faith and charity, they will in no case lose their reward. Such was the character of Mr. Walton's activity : he was always ready for every good

work. It was he who had been principally instrumental in establishing the national schools, as well as the savings-bank ; and the dispensary, though it had existed before his time, yet owed its enlargement and efficiency to his judicious suggestion. And he had the rare excellence of perseverance, as well as energy. Some men will shew great eagerness in forming a new and useful institution ; but when their object is accomplished, they grow tired of it. Not so Mr. Walton :— he continued with unwearied patience to uphold and carry out whatever useful work had been projected.

It were well if the activity of the present age always flowed in such beneficial channels. But, alas, how many clever and able men in our towns and cities are there, whose talents are devoted to the worst purposes,—bringing a curse, instead of a blessing, on the generation in which they live, and treasuring up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath ! A sort of political mania has infused itself into the present generation. Men have taken it into their heads, that our old English constitution, under which we have flourished for so many years, must be altered. You will meet with people of this sort in every town—mad about reform and politics ; some really so—some, I fear, affecting it from self-interest, or from the love of consequence. All the activity of these restless persons, which might have contributed to the good of men and the honour of God, is absorbed in schemes of local or general politics.

An election is to them a festival or holyday: their whole minds are set on preparing for these great events of their lives. Politics are their meat and drink; their business is neglected; their home deserted; their evenings are devoted to going round to the beer-shops and public-houses; and when men's senses are stupified, or their passions excited, with strong drink, they flatter the vanity of the most ignorant and immoral of the people, and infuse into them what they are pleased to term "liberal politics." It is incredible the pains and assiduity with which certain men, in almost every town, will pursue this course, and the unscrupulous and dishonest means which they will use thus to gather round them a host of angry, disaffected spirits. These men are manifestly doing the devil's work, and will be rewarded according to their deeds.

But, besides those which have been mentioned, there are a number of active men, whose energies are directed to matters which are in themselves indifferent—mere matters of business and convenience. Such persons there must be in every town, or we should never get on with the rest of the world. In truth, there is no reason, whether we live at Church-over or elsewhere, why we should be the last to adopt the new inventions of the age. Other towns are lit with gas; why should we go on with our old dull lamps? Let us form a company,—subscribe for shares,—build a gasometer; and who knows whether by good management we may not put some-

thing into our pockets, as well as save our neighbours and ourselves from tumbling into the gutters? The next town has got its main street Macadamised, why should we go on with our old rattling, jolting pavement? Then, again, why should we not club together, and have our reading-room, and get the principal daily papers, instead of each taking in his weekly journal, and having his news seven days old? In all these schemes of improvement Mr. Walton gladly concurred: sometimes suggesting them himself, but generally leaving them to be worked out by those who were most interested about them; gladly affording them the benefit of his able advice, if he saw them bungling the matter.

One day he was waited on by three gentlemen, who were well known as being amongst the most active in the town in matters of this sort. "They came," they said, "to request his advice and concurrence in a scheme which they had been concocting, in order (to improve the morals and enlarge the understanding of the lower orders.) It was wonderful (they said) to observe the great want of intellectual cultivation which existed, even in these enlightened times, amongst those who got their living by their daily labour. Why might they not be induced to spend their leisure-hours in more refined enjoyments, and the improvement of their minds, and acquiring a knowledge of the wonders of art and nature? In short, to come to the point, why should they not have a Mechanics' Institute? There was a Me-

chanics' Institute at Sutton, and Norton, and Weston, and Eaton ; why should they not have the same advantages at Churchover, which might enlighten and humanise the minds of their humbler fellow-townsmen ?”

Mr. Walton was rather amused at the wonders which they expected to arise from the establishment of a mechanics' institute ; and though not quite so sanguine as his visitors with regard to its beneficial results, yet he did not think proper to make any objection to the scheme, provided it was not made a political affair. He was well aware that an institution of this sort depended very much on the way in which it was taken up and managed ; and therefore he deemed it best to give it his countenance and support. The three gentlemen were highly pleased with Mr. Walton's consent, and still more with his subscription ; and strongly urged that he should accept the office of president, and open the institution with an address. Mr. Walton did not wish to identify himself so completely with a scheme, of the beneficial results of which he was not entirely convinced ; and therefore compounded with them to give them an opening lecture, on condition that they should allow him to decline the honour of accepting the presidency ;—and so it was agreed.

The day at length arrived for the opening of the institution. The people of Churchover were assembled in the town-hall. In the front row sat the gentry ; behind them the trades'-people ; next the

members of the Institute ; and in the rear, half-way down the hall, a mixed multitude, who came to hear what was going on. The committee, consisting of the doctor, the lawyer, the curate, and others of the principal inhabitants, sat round a table raised on a slight elevation, and covered with various instruments of science and articles of curiosity, which had been presented by different persons. There was a pair of globes ; an electrical machine ; three cases of stuffed birds, and one of reptiles ; five glass bottles, hermetically sealed, containing preparations in spirits ; specimens of minerals, duly labelled with the names of the donor and the place from which they were brought ; there were specimens of coal from Newcastle, slate from Penrhyn, tin-ore from Cornwall ; then there were various interesting antiquities, and other miscellaneous objects,—a brick from Babylon, a veritable portion of the *coctilis murus* built by Semiramis, bows and arrows from Otaheite, a broken terra-cotta vase from Sicily ; and a calf with two heads, which was produced in farmer Yolkham's cow-house. In addition to these, the president presented the institution with an ancient bust, which had been dug up in his own garden, and which, from the shape of the nose, was generally considered to represent one of the Roman emperors, though others contended that the peculiar conformation of the nasal organ arose from some injury which it had received either by time or violence.

Mr. Sprightly the secretary made many apologies

for the imperfect manner in which the specimens were arranged, in consequence, as he said, of the numerous presentations of valuable articles which had been recently received. And certainly some apology was needed; for, amongst other mistakes, the label which ought to have been on the Roman emperor was stuck on the calf's head, while that intended for the calf's head was on the Roman emperor. However, all passed off very good humouredly; and when all the things had been duly examined and admired, the president proclaimed silence, and requested Mr. Walton to deliver his lecture. Mr. Walton accordingly rose, and spoke as follows:—

CHAPTER VI.

**MR. WALTON'S LECTURE TO THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, ON
THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION, THE MARCH
OF INTELLECT, AND OTHER IMPORTANT MATTERS.**

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to shew
How God himself is found.

KEBLE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN ;

THOUGH well aware that there are gentlemen present far better qualified than myself to communicate to you information on scientific and philosophical subjects—which will be the general character of lectures delivered from this place,—yet, at the request of your committee, I have been induced to address you on the present occasion, relying on your kind indulgence ; and also because I am assured that I may be allowed to enter upon a more common range of topics, and such as are connected rather with the general subject of philosophy and literature, than on any particular department of science.

It is therefore my intention to employ the occasion in laying before you such remarks as may be likely to interest the company now assembled, on the *Origin and Progress of Civilisation*; (*hear, hear!*) a subject which appears to me to be of no slight importance at the present time. It is certainly most desirable that we should possess a competent knowledge of the actual and comparative state of civilisation and intellectual advancement in the present day; so that, while we rightly appreciate the advantages which we possess, we may not think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, but may think soberly and justly.

First, then, as to *the origin of civilisation*.

Many theories have been broached by philosophers upon this subject; some almost too absurd to mention, except for the purpose of shewing into what crude and strange fancies even clever men will fall, if they wander from the principles of right reason, religion, and common sense.

I remember reading the work of a French philosopher of the last age,—one of those who rejected revelation, and paved the way for the French Revolution. His notion was something of this sort. He supposed that the human race is continually in a progressive state, without any intervention of a superior power. Man, he imagined, as we now see him, had arrived at his present state of intellectual attainment from the lowest possible state of existence. The first beings endowed with life he supposed to

have been certain monads, or unorganised lumps of jelly : the monad feels a desire to change his situation, or to lay hold on something near him ; this desire generates a disposition to organic change, and he is enabled gradually to put forth, first a leg, then an arm, and then to open an eye, and so on ; until, in process of time, these impulses of mind upon matter have produced the organic development of the animal race ; and the monad, or lump of jelly, comes at last to be a full-grown man. (*great laughter.*) To what degree of improvement we may hope at length to attain by this process, does not appear. There was another theory started by a Scotch metaphysician, called Lord Monboddó. He considered that men were originally monkeys, but that they had worn their tails off by continually sitting on their haunches ; and from wearing clothes, had become smooth instead of shaggy. (*renewed laughter.*)

These things I mention, to shew what laughable gentlemen philosophers are, when they indulge in vain imaginings, and reject those aids which are afforded by historical records, — especially such as are found in the Sacred Volume.) And if the fanciful notions which I have just described have now died away, as it was most natural they should, still I fear they have been succeeded by others scarcely less absurd, and proceeding from the same source. For instance, what a reckless disregard was exhibited by the first promulgators of geological science, both Wernerians and Huttonians, whether their jarring

and ephemeral theories coincided with scriptural truth or not. Had they been humble-minded men, they would have concluded that philosophical truth would certainly be found in harmony with Scripture ; for truth cannot contradict truth. And although at first sight we may not be able to discern their agreement, yet we may either hope that patient inquiry will remove the difficulty—as indeed it has proved in the case of geology—or, even if we are unable to discover the explanation, we may set it down to the score of our want of capacity, and have no reason to be at all surprised.

But, in truth, the theories of Lord Monboddo and the French philosopher, whose name I forget, are not altogether unlike those which are still held by the sceptical and latitudinarian school. The received notion amongst such persons seems to be, that men, in their original state, are little better than brutes, living on roots and acorns : after a while they learn to subdue and tame animals ; then to till the earth ; then, finding the necessity of laws for the protection of property, they form themselves into a society, and elect a chief, to whom they delegate a certain portion of authority. Order and security being thus obtained, they advance in arts and civilisation, until by slow degrees they arrive, through their own exertion, at the highest possible pitch of intellectual refinement, and are able to construct railroads and steam-engines ! Something like this appears to be the vulgar notion about the progress of

civilisation, and the march of intellect, which one hears so much about in the present age.

But, in the first place, what a degrading thing it is to suppose ourselves to be the descendants of ouran-outangs, or wild men of the woods! (*hear, hear!*) Without being accused of any great pride of ancestry, we may surely claim a nobler descent than this. Moreover, for our comfort, all history informs us, with concurrent voice, that arts and civilisation are of very ancient date. How many monuments and remains of ancient cities have been discovered, which prove the existence, in very remote times, of powerful and wealthy communities! Take the tower of Belus, or the temples and pyramids of Egypt, for instance. Why, when the obelisk which stands opposite St. Peter's at Rome was brought there from Egypt, it was a long time before they were able to set it in the upright position in which they found it. Even here in England, what combination of means, as well as skill, must have been exerted to place the enormous stones, which form the druidical temple at Stonehenge, in the middle of Salisbury plain! In fact, it has puzzled wiser men than many of our modern philosophers, to know how they got there at all. Look again at the round towers in Ireland, the date of which is far older than the memory of man, and the uses of which it is impossible to discover;—these have been found the best models for the construction of our factory-

→ chimneys : so true it is that there is nothing new under the sun.

The fact is, that from the earliest times there has been a continual stream of civilisation, government, and arts ; sometimes widening, sometimes contracting ; sometimes, as in the dark ages, almost disappearing, but never quite extinct. Of the first periods only a few scattered evidences have been preserved ; such, however, as prove both skill and power. In some instances we can trace the current more plainly. Egypt, we know, communicated a portion of her learning to Greece ; Greece to Rome ; Rome to Britain, and the nations of northern Europe. We are now spreading our arts and sciences to distant nations, which, but for us, would never have advanced a step. Take the New Zealanders, for instance : they are a bold, hardy, generous race, not unlike the ancient Britons, and capable of becoming equal to any nation on the globe ; but had they never been visited by civilised nations, it is probable that they would have remained for ever like their own forests, in a state of rude neglect. It were well if, with our civilisation, we introduced nothing which contaminated its value.

Now, this account of the early civilisation of mankind, and the preservation of a continual stream from age to age, agrees entirely with the word of God.. We read that " God created man in his own image." Our first parents were noble and dignified

beings, far superior to their descendants ; and though they fell from their first estate, yet we have no cause to suppose that they lost their outward form or mental faculties ; or that they were reduced to the condition of savages. To come to times of which we have ampler record :—Noah and his sons, from whom the present families which people the earth are descended, must have been, to a certain degree, well instructed in the knowledge of the arts, as we are sure they were in the knowledge of God ; else how could they have constructed so vast and complicated a machine as the ark, which must evidently have required great skill and command of means to complete ? We have every reason, therefore, to believe, that the family of Noah were considerably advanced in civilisation, and, if not inspired, were instructed in much of the knowledge of the ancient world ; and these elements of civilisation have never been entirely lost. The savage tribes which have since spread themselves over portions of the earth are evidently a degenerate race of beings, and generally possess traditions of having formerly been in a superior condition.

But, after all, true civilisation does not consist so much in the mere knowledge of arts and science, as in the moral and intellectual condition ; else would the Chinese be amongst the most civilised of nations. To shew the high personal civilisation at which man arrived in the earliest ages, look only at the character and conduct of Job or of Abraham. Where will you

find a more civilised man than Abraham? He was liberal, noble, manly, courteous, hospitable, princely; of the most delicate feeling and generous sentiment. His was a character which a prince or a peasant might alike imitate. If this be not civilisation, I know not what is the meaning of the word. I hold it quite a vulgar prejudice to suppose him less civilised, because he lived in a tent, instead of a house; or because he rode on the back of a dromedary, instead of travelling by a railroad; or because he weighed out his four hundred shekels in stamped ingots, instead of giving a cheque on his banker. (*hear, hear!*) Surely the absence of these modern refinements is no drawback to that true civilisation which dwells in the inner man. We are too much inclined to look upon our own modern European habits as the standard of propriety and civilisation; and to shut our eyes to the superior advantages which, in some respects, are possessed by other nations, however generally below ourselves in cultivation. But this is a narrow view, and manifestly an incorrect one. No one will contend that the gold-laced coat and the wig of the last century, or even the shaven chin, the round hat, and tight-fitting dress of the modern Frank, are equal in beauty to the flowing robes and jewelled turban of the Asiatic. May we not reasonably suppose that, in some points of character, as well as costume, we are their inferiors—that grace and dignity may have too much given way to usefulness? Is there not something far

more noble and becoming in the picture of the Arab sheik, sitting at his tent-door in the cool of the day, and inviting the wayfarer of the desert to wash the dust from his feet, and partake of such hospitality as he is able to afford, than in the modern man of fashion, who dines in selfish splendour for eighteenpence at his club? Of course I do not mean to say that, on the whole, the modern European is not superior in intellectual cultivation to the Asiatic; but when we speak of civilisation, and connect it, as we are accustomed to do, with our improvements in arts and sciences, and in the common luxuries and conveniences of life, I think it is well for us to consider, whether there is not a tendency in these very luxuries and conveniences to bring in with them a train of undignified, unelevated habits, which, considered by themselves, have been ill exchanged for the manners of simpler days and ruder countries. Thankful as we ought to be for the comforts, and conveniences, and intellectual advantages of the present day, yet I think it too much to say, that our newspaper-reading, railroad-travelling generation has all the advantage on its side.

I have endeavoured to put these things, as matters of fact, in a plain and rational point of view, neither denying nor exaggerating the advantages which we possess; that we may learn to be thankful, as we are bound to be, for the good gifts of divine Providence, without being unduly or unwisely elated with our fancied or real intellectual superiority.

Many serious reflections might arise from the contemplation of our present state of civilisation: we might well inquire whether we have employed our high attainments to the best advantage, or whether we have not neglected and misused them; whether we are better or worse for some of those arts on which we are most disposed to pride ourselves; whether, if difficult times should arise, we should be ready, at the call of duty, to sacrifice our ease and comfort, or whether, in clinging to them too fondly, we might not be tempted to sacrifice our principles. But I will not now dilate on these topics.

There is, however, another point of view in which the progress of arts and sciences ought to be considered by us all, and without which we should not have a correct idea of the subject before us. I have always felt convinced that there is manifestly discernible much of *direct providential interference* in the whole course of human events, with reference, I mean principally, to arts and civilisation. We may observe that the divine Ruler has enabled men, of certain ages of the world, to develop those particular powers which suited the purposes of his good providence. The use of letters, for instance, has been generally thought to be contemporaneous with the commencement of holy Scripture, and given for the very purpose of recording the word of God. Perhaps the first letters were those written by the finger of God himself on the tables of stone delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai. Again, the progress of lan-

guage appears to be connected with the same object. May we not well believe that the Greek language was prepared by divine Providence for the purpose of being the medium in which the Gospel should be revealed and spread throughout the world? Modern civilisation has never produced a language at all equal to the ancient Greek. Do we not also see, in the unexampled vastness of the political power of ancient Rome, an evidence of the divine intention for the diffusion of revealed truth?

I think it impossible, for one who looks attentively at the history of the world, not to perceive that all these things were prepared beforehand, for the introduction of the Gospel amongst men, and the establishment of the Christian Church,—an event which has had so wondrous an effect upon the civilisation of the world. The Christian Church, growing up silently among the nations, overthrowing the ancient superstitions and idolatries, introducing a new and purer code of morals, gathering into its arms nation after nation, and uniting them in one great spiritual fellowship, under a ministry of divine appointment,—is indeed a marvellous phenomenon; and the change which it has wrought in the condition of mankind is greater than has been produced by any other cause.

During the middle ages, it pleased the divine Ruler that the Christian world should be overrun by barbarous nations; but while the temporal powers fell before them, the Church drew within her pale

the rude conquerors themselves, and thereby saved Europe from sinking into the most savage barbarism. We are apt to think of the Church of Rome as connected with the barbarism of the middle ages, and as contributing to hold the nations in ignorance. The true view, in my opinion, is, first to thank God, to whose providence alone it must be ascribed that the Church was preserved at all; and, secondly, to look upon the Church as the great instrument of civilisation, and the only light which shone amidst the surrounding gloom. You will hear uninstructed persons laugh at the lazy and bigoted monks. Why, it was these very monks who kept the lamp of knowledge from being extinguished altogether; it is to them that we are mainly indebted for whatsoever learning and civilisation was preserved in Europe. While the unlettered barons were occupied in continual brawls, the peaceful monks were employed in their cells copying the Scriptures and the works of ancient authors, and recording the history of the times in which they lived. While the vassal of the noble was following his lord to the wars, the peaceful tenantry gathered around the monastery were draining marshes, clearing forests, improving agriculture and horticulture. The monastery was the only place of refuge for the traveller: hundreds of aged persons, in times when there were no poor-laws, and few who possessed a knowledge of medicine, had their wants relieved, and their diseases cured, by the skill and benevolence of these lazy monks. The true

position of the monks was as a body of landlords, who cultivated the arts of peace instead of war. In fact, the ecclesiastics of those days were often the only men who could read or write, and, by natural consequence, they attained great political power : all the principal offices of state were filled by them. Until Sir Thomas More, in the reign of Henry VIII., no layman had been chancellor of England. The Church, too, was the great patron of the arts ; painting, sculpture, and music, revived under her patronage ; and of her noble skill in architecture, we have proof around us, at which we ourselves have need to blush. Surely there must have been something worthy of our admiration in the genius of those men, who had the piety or influence, the taste or industry, to raise unto God those venerable edifices which overspread our land. Deep as were the errors of those days, it was not all darkness which could inspire the feeling necessary for the undertaking, or the energy and skill with which it was accomplished.

To come to more modern days,—*the art of printing* is perhaps the most powerful engine which bears upon the intellectual condition of man. But what strong presumption is there that this also is a divine gift, rather than a mere human invention ! In itself, printing is one of the most simple and obvious things imaginable. What, in fact, is a common seal but a print ? But, strange to say, no one ever thought of applying this simple art to the multiplication of books, until the time came when

God decreed that the Bible should be spread among the nations, and his Church reformed ; then, and not till then, printing was invented. In still later times, the mechanical power of steam has produced, and is still likely to produce, great changes in the civilised world. This mighty power was discovered two centuries ago ;* but until the last twenty or thirty years, God never willed that it should be applied, as it now is, to the purposes of locomotion. May we not well believe that this wonderful invention, viewed in connexion with our improvement in the arts and sciences, and the extensive commerce which has sprung up with every part of the habitable globe, is ordained by Providence to be the means of spreading the knowledge of salvation to all the corners of the world ; and that, while we are toiling and labouring to extend our commerce from shore to shore, the true object of God's providence is to diffuse in every region the seeds of gospel-truth which, according to his own promise, if we interpret it aright, is destined one day to overspread the world ? Those who think little of spiritual things may perhaps discern no evidence of these intentions ; but to the humble and religious mind, all things appear to tend more or less to one great object—the enlargement of the kingdom of God.

You will, I am sure, pardon me, my friends, for introducing into my address topics which may appear

* By the Marquess of Worcester, in the reign of Charles the Second.

of rather a graver character than usually belongs to a philosophical lecture. My feeling is, that whatsoever we undertake, ought to be undertaken on right principles: "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God." It is impossible to take a true and just view of any subject, especially such an one as that before us, without rightly considering the relation in which it stands to God's dispensations. If we begin our institution in a vain-glorious boasting manner, fancying ourselves wiser and greater men than our forefathers, because we print more newspapers and books, and travel somewhat faster, I fear it will not turn to our profit. Nay, if such a spirit prevail generally, and increase,—as in some quarters there is reason to fear,—it may come to pass that, for our presumption, we shall meet with a serious downfall, and perhaps be thrown upon times, in comparison with which it might be considered a privilege to have lived in the dark ages. On the other hand, if we avail ourselves of our advantage in a humble, thankful spirit—if we use this institution as a means of improving our knowledge of God's works, and learn "to look from nature up to nature's God," and, like the great Sir Isaac Newton, to think the more humbly of ourselves, the more we increase in knowledge,—becoming the more conscious of the immeasurable distance which exists between the great Creator and us, the creatures of his hand—if we thus employ our leisure-hours soberly and ra-

tionally, instead of indulging in those irregular habits which want of occupation too frequently engenders, — then we may look confidently for God's blessing, and trust that he will prosper our undertaking.

I ought, perhaps, to apologise to my reverend friend Mr. Hammond for having trespassed in some measure on his province; but as I feel sure that nothing has been advanced in which he would not concur, I trust I may stand excused both by him and by you for having addressed you in a tone approaching something more to that of a sermon than a lecture.

The company unanimously declared that Mr. Walton's sermon was one of the best they had heard for a long time, and departed home with the impression of having passed an agreeable, as well as profitable evening.

CHAPTER VII.

VULGAR ERRORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

England, the time is come when thou shouldst wean
Thy heart from its emasculating food ;
The truth should now be better understood ;
Old things have been unsettled : we have seen
Fair seed-time ; better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses.

WORDSWORTH.

Most elderly people have their eccentricities or peculiarities : some tell long prosing stories about themselves, and their own affairs ; some repeat the sayings of Sheridan, Curran, Joe Miller, and others, who were celebrated for wit in their younger days ; some talk politics, but fewer than formerly,—for serious discussion, except amongst really clever men, is looked on as a bore. Anecdote and flattery are thought most suitable to the self-indulgent tone of modern society. Nothing is more delightful than to see a cheerful old age ; but when hoary hairs are accompanied by a continual levity, or what one sometimes witnesses, a pruriency of imagination, it is a sad and piteous sight.

Mr. Walton was a complete picture of what a Christian ought to be, who is sensible of the approach of declining years. He was cheerful without

levity, serious without moroseness. He had all the politeness of the old school, without its formality ; and his mixture with the world had furnished him with an ample fund of information, which was always ready at command. His chief peculiarity was a turn for philosophising ; he always liked to go to the bottom of things, and know the why and the wherefore. From his youth up he had exhibited a strong disposition for inquiry ; and since his retirement from active business, he had passed much of his time in his library. But Mr. Walton's turn for speculation was so entirely controlled by sound discretion, and he was so free from every thing that approached to dogmatism, or self-opinion, that his peculiarity, instead of being objectionable, rendered him a most interesting companion ; and it was a pleasant and profitable thing to hear him, when in the company of men of congenial minds, pour forth, with copious profusion, the stream of deep and often original reflections.

“ I have stumbled on a curious book,” said he to his friend, who came one day to see him in his library ; “ it is called, in the title-page, ‘ *Pseudodoxia Epidemica ; or, Enquiries into very many received Tenents and commonly presumed Truths.* By Thomas Browne, Doctor of Physicke. Printed by A. Miller, for Edw. Dod and Nath. Ekins, at the Gunne in Ivie Lane, 1650.’ It is lettered on the outside, *Browne's Vulgar Errors.* I will read to you some of the subjects from the table of contents.



**MR. WALTON AND MR. HAMMOND ARE AMUSED WITH "BROWNE'S
VULGAR ERRORS.**

‘The common tenant, that crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed.

That a diamond is made soft or broke by the blood of a goat.

That a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them.’ ”

“That reminds me,” said Mr. Hammond, “of a story told of James I., who proposed a question to a company of philosophers, ‘What was the reason why, if a live fish were put into a vessel of water, the vessel would be no heavier than it was before?’ After divers abstruse reasons had been assigned to account for the phenomenon, a grave old man, who had been silent during the discussion, humbly demurred to the truth of the proposition; upon which King James, who had only proposed the question to test their ingenuity, slapped the old gentleman on the back, and declared he was a ‘braw feelosopher.’ ”

“I have heard a somewhat similar story of King Charles,” said Mr. Walton; “however, let me read you a few more of Sir Thomas Browne’s philosophical disquisitions.

‘That mandrakes grow naturally under gallows.

That the root gives a shriek upon eradication.

That an elephant hath no joints.

That the brock or badger hath the legs of one side shorter than of the other.

That a kingfisher hanged by the bill sheweth in what quarter the wind is.

That a salamander lives in the fire.

That moles have no eyes.

That the chameleon lives only by air.

That the ostrich digesteth iron.

That storks will only live in republics or free states.

That the heart of man is seated on the left side.

That men weigh heavier dead than alive.'

" Book V. contains, amongst other things, discussions on the following subjects :

' Of an hare crossing the highway.

Of ominous appearing of owls and ravens.

Of the falling of salt as a presagement of ill luck.

Of the sun dancing on Easter-day.

Of being drunk once a month.

That children would naturally speak Hebrew.

That candles and lights burn dim and blue at the apparition of spirits.

That the forbidden fruit was an apple.

That a man hath one rib less than a woman.

Of the poverty of Belisarius.

Of the wandering Jew.

Of pope Joan.

Of Crassus, that never laughed but once, and that was when he saw an ass eating thistles.' "

" A most amusing list, truly," said Mr. Hammond, taking up the book when Mr. Walton had finished reading ; and not less so from the grave manner in which these popular ' tenents,' as he calls them, are propounded and discussed. With regard to the error that the brock or badger hath the legs

shorter on one side than the other, he finds, on inquiry, that it is repugnant to three determinators of truth,—authority, sense, and reason. Albertus Magnus, he says, speaks dubiously; and Aldrovandus affirmeth plainly, that there can be no such inequality observed. The question of using a kingfisher for a weathercock, he determines more easily, by the simple process of hanging up two together, and finding that they point different ways.”

“We laugh at these things,” said Mr. Walton; “but I am not sure whether the present age is altogether free from similar errors. It was but the other day that I found some men and boys killing a poor hedgehog, on the plea that they sucked the cows’ udders. None of them could assert that they had ever caught them in the fact, only one old man was very positive that *they used to do it in his younger days*, but admitted that of late years they had left off the habit.”

“Come, I am glad to see that hedgehogs may be reformed, as well as men.”

“Country people,” continued Mr. Walton, “have many superstitions about bees. If the owner of a hive dies, it is supposed to be necessary to inform the bees who is the new master they are to work for; and I have known those who will put crape by way of mourning on the hive. Not long ago I saw in the paper an account of a woman who desired to have a dead murderer’s hand rubbed on a tumour or wen, confidently hoping that it would effect a cure.”

“ A poor man came to me last week,” said the curate, “ to request that I would give him sixpence from the communion-plate, in order to make a ring to place on his child’s finger, which he supposed would save him from fits. However, these superstitious practices and opinions are certainly not nearly so prevalent as they were in the days of good Sir Thomas Browne.”

“ Perhaps not,” said Mr. Walton ; “ but if you mean to infer, that therefore the lower orders are better instructed in sound knowledge, I fear this cannot be very confidently asserted. Together with their hereditary superstitions, they have cast away much of their faith in things really true and sacred ; and their belief in sacred things being shaken, and their humility lost, they are left unprotected against the deceptions practised on them by designing men. I suppose there never was an age in which such a heap of absurd lies was believed by the common people, especially in our great towns. The lamentable credulity with which they suffer themselves to be deluded by orators and agitators — the greediness with which they swallow the arrant nonsense contained in their newspapers, would be incredible, if we did not know, from the highest authority, the weakness and deceivableness of the human heart. You have but to cajole them with a little flattery, and you may lead whole masses of people, just as Satan forced the herd of swine down a steep place into the sea, where they perished. Thus it is that

men calling themselves Chartists, are leading the people into violent courses, which must end in their ruin. Socialists are of the same description, but more quiet and insidious. The extraordinary thing is, that people should for a moment listen to such cheats. They seem really half crazed, and all the while think themselves wondrously wise. Similar epidemics have raged amongst the middle and even the upper classes; but these are, I hope, beginning to subside. What a host of silly prejudices have possessed the minds of men till very lately about liberty, reform, justice, liberality; which they are now at last beginning to perceive are mere party-words, intended to mislead them (One 'vulgar error' which has prevailed is, that the pulling down of our old English institutions, one by one, is progressive reform.) A session of parliament is thought to have been profitable, or otherwise, according as a larger or smaller number of our ancient national laws have been altered or repealed. Statesmen have declared in their place that *the time was come* for the removal of such and such restrictions; as if they were legislating for a set of schoolboys, who wanted larger bounds; or as if all national institutions were a nuisance, which ought to be abated, instead of being the distinguishing mark between the social state of civilised men and savages,—blessings for which we ought heartily to thank God. It will be a long time, I fear, before we shall get out of some of our 'vulgar errors,' which have become rooted in people's

minds. Take, for instance, the commonly received opinion, that there must needs be violence and dishonesty at elections : this is a national prejudice of some standing. Now, of all political duties, perhaps the most grave and important is the election of members who shall represent us in parliament, in order ' to consult for the advancement of God's glory, the good of his Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our sovereign and her dominions,' and exercise a most important influence on the welfare both of ourselves and our children. If any duty more than another requires calm and serious deliberation, and honesty of purpose—if any duty ought to be unobstructed by violence, and unimpeded by falsehoods and deception, it is surely this ; and yet, instead of this being the character of elections, every practicable species of force and intimidation, bribery and corruption, calumny and misrepresentation, not only is practised, but is palliated, if not defended, as inseparable from elections ; and this in the nineteenth century. Connected with this subject, there is a remarkable popular prejudice, which has always struck me as most absurd, namely, with regard to the non-admission of the presence of soldiers at elections. Formerly the soldiers were very properly excluded, in order that the crown might not influence or impede voters ; and this was a sensible reason. But now that there is not the most remote danger of this sort, the military surely ought to be employed where needful, as being a disinterested body, in order to

protect voters from mob-violence. Of all scenes, one of the most laughable (if one ought to laugh at such things), is to see a body of respectable freeholders, as they go up to vote, running the gauntlet through a set of boys and idle vagabonds who infest our towns; and all this from the 'vulgar error' that it is contrary to liberty to have a military force to keep the peace at elections. If ever they are wanted, surely it is then."

"We have plenty of 'vulgar errors' in religion, as well as in our social system," said Mr. Hammond. "I talked the other day with a respectable dissenter, who is teacher of a considerable congregation, and he affirmed, that all before the Reformation was popery. He had no idea of there ever having been a pure catholic Church. This is the common notion of a large body of religionists. Even amongst educated Churchmen, how frequently you will hear persons who divide professing Christians into two classes, Catholics and Protestants. What a strange confusion of ideas, and obscuration of truth, arises from the popular mode of speaking! The catholic Church, rightly speaking, is, we know, the true Church. We profess that we 'believe one catholic and apostolic Church;' and we pray, 'above all, for the good estate of this catholic Church.' Why, therefore, do we concede to papists the advantage of this appellation? And why, in the name of all that is true and scriptural, do we lump ourselves up with the Babel-crew of Protestants; who may be Socinians, Irvingites, or

any thing else? We shall never get over these vulgar errors until we reform our phraseology, and maintain the Church of England in her true position as a branch of the one only Church, and as being utterly unconnected with any other which will not communicate with her, and being the only religious body which in these realms it is safe or lawful to join. Is it possible to conceive, in the apostolic age, two bodies of Christians in one town who should refuse to hold communion with each other, or to obey the same pastors? Something of the sort indeed took place at Corinth, but St. Paul immediately put a stop to it. Another vulgar error is, that 'fasting and penance are remnants of popery;' and again, that the object of going to church is to hear sermons; and that it is only necessary to receive the holy communion thrice in a year. I might soon set you down a list almost as long as Sir Thomas Browne's."

"We have a great many truths to learn," said Mr. Walton, "and a great many 'vulgar errors' to unlearn; and many of the latter are, I fear, far more pernicious than the notion of the brock or badger going on two legs, or the sun dancing on Easter-day. But I do confess that I have great hopes of improvement; I believe that the schoolmaster is at last abroad in earnest, and he is teaching men truths which they who sent him forth little dreamed of in their philosophy. Human society has gone through a process of fermentation, and after much conflict of opinion, and jarring together of crude and ill-digested

theories, there are symptoms of a gradual settling down into truth. The Church seems ordained to be the chief instrument in the diffusion of right principles; she has made a great step in advance,—or rather back to her ancient ground. The same energy and spirit of investigation which, in arts and science, has produced so wonderful an advancement, has sent the Church to the true principles of her creed; and, discarding the unsatisfactory views of the last superficial generation, she has learned to vindicate her claim to the reverence and obedience of those who call themselves her sons, as being no mere human device, but Christ's own holy institution. Doctrines like these, widely preached, are beginning to pervade the body of society; and, springing naturally from these, loyalty and right feeling are, let us hope, again becoming the characteristics of the English nation. (And we are at last learning the sound and true principles of ancient days, *that reverence for authority is a mark of the highest wisdom, and that the truest liberty is submission to the laws.*')



CHAPTER VIII.

SKETCH OF MR. HAMMOND'S SERMON—PECULIAR SOCIAL DUTIES OF MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

There is one only bond in the wide earth
Of lawful use to join the earth in one.

Lyra Apostolica.

MR. WALTON'S house was situated between the church and the young clergyman's lodgings; and it soon became a pretty regular custom with Mr. Hammond to drink tea with his worthy friend on his way home after the evening service, and converse on subjects suited to the occasion.

Not long after his arrival at Churchover, Mr. Hammond preached a very interesting and impressive sermon on the position of Churchmen; setting forth, in a plain and forcible manner, that Christians ought not to consider themselves as isolated beings, nor as members of a mere human society, but as bound up together in a mysterious union in one sacred body: a condition which brought with it many duties and responsibilities, as well as many blessings and privileges.

His text was Acts ii. 41, 42, where St. Peter

begins to preach the Gospel on the memorable feast of Pentecost: "Then they that gladly received his word were baptised: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." From these words he took occasion to shew, *first*, what was the nature and constitution of the ancient apostolic Church; namely, that it was a holy fellowship or society instituted by the apostles, after the express command of their Master, Christ. The mode of entering into the Church was by baptism: "They that gladly received his word were baptised." The mode of remaining members of the Church was by "continuing stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." The "*doctrine*" of the apostles, he explained, was the inspired word which they preached—not then committed to writing, but afterwards collected in the volume of the New Testament. (The "*fellowship*" of the apostles was the apostolic or episcopal form of Church-government instituted by the apostles, and maintained in the Church for fifteen centuries without the slightest interruption: and "the breaking of bread, and prayers," was the common worship and communion in the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper, both of which the first Christians joined in with regularity and frequency, thereby mutually sustaining their common faith and love.) There were no such things as different *denominations* amongst

them ; they were “ of one heart and one soul ;” they were all of “ the same mind and judgment,” —all “ spake the same thing.” In one town indeed — namely, Corinth, —divisions sprang up, and they began to take party-names ; some said, “ I am of Paul, and I of Cephas, and I of Apollos.” But St. Paul rebuked them sharply for their divisions, and soon brought them back to the unity of the Church ; and for several centuries, whensoever the Church became aware of any heresy or false doctrine, the bishops, who had received authority from the apostles, used to meet together, and admonish the offender that he should give up his false doctrine ; and if he refused, then they excommunicated him, — that is, expelled him from the Church. So that, for a considerable time, the Church remained uniform and sound, “ continuing stedfast in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship.” Local disorders no doubt arose ; but the Church was one and undivided.

Having set forth the constitution of the Church of Christ, Mr. Hammond complained much of the sad neglect of sound Church-principles which characterises the present age. He complained of the Romanists, who had corrupted the doctrine of the apostles, substituting false traditions of their own for the doctrine preached by the apostles, and by them committed to Scripture, which was thenceforth to be the standard of faith. He complained of the *Dissenters* for having left the apostolic “ fellowship,” and having deserted the teaching of the bishops and

clergy, who had received their commission in regular succession from the apostles, and for refusing to join with the Church in her "prayers and breaking of bread," and to worship with us, or partake with us in the holy communion, but setting up conventicles and meeting-houses of their own, to the great injury of the Church, as well as of themselves, and in direct opposition to the apostolic injunction ; and this, when for the most part they professed to receive the same creed, to contend for the same faith, and to revere the names of those reformers who gave their lives for the testimony of the truth as the Church preaches it. Why would they not return to our communion ? why would they not come into the bosom of the Church, which desired to gather them in her arms, and share with them all her privileges ?

But the whole conclusion and application of his sermon was devoted to an earnest appeal to Churchmen, that they would draw closer the bonds of their union, and endeavour to revive the holy fellowship which characterised the apostolic Church. Freed, as the reformed Church of England was, from the false doctrines and heresies of Romanism, yet preserved by Providence from falling into the schism of the Dissenters, we present in theory the model of the ancient apostolic Church. Would that we carried our theory into practice ! would that we were indeed an harmonious and united body, as those Christians of whom the text made mention ! Surely

it was time to act together as a body, united in bonds of holy fellowship, under our apostolic pastors ; to maintain more zealously the apostolic doctrine ; to meet together more frequently and faithfully, in breaking of bread and in prayers. And though, under the present circumstances of society, we cannot adopt the same practice which was suitable to the Church when it consisted of a few thousand souls, and literally have "all things in common," yet we might employ our means much more faithfully and liberally than we do, to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. We might build churches, endow schools ; we might search out and befriend our poor fellow-churchmen ; and by our charity to *them* especially, and our zeal for apostolic truth, we might prove that our common churchmanship was not a mere empty name, but a real and substantial bond of union.

This sermon of Mr. Hammond was listened to with marked attention, and the congregation departed, evidently much impressed with what they had heard.

It was not Mr. Walton's habit to criticise sermons, nor did he encourage it in his family, thinking it an indecorous and irreverent habit. He did not mean, of course, that persons were not to form their own judgment of what they heard in the pulpit ; but it was the habit of finding fault, and cavilling, and criticising, which he thought so prejudicial to the

Christian temper of mind, and therefore on all accounts to be discouraged. He was entirely of George Herbert's opinion,—

“ Judge not the preacher, for *he* is *thy* judge.
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not :
The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,
God takes the text, and preaches patience.”

Not, by the way, that Mr. Hammond's sermons required any such apology ; for they were extremely interesting and impressive, shewing, for so young a man, a remarkable degree of knowledge and thought.

But though Mr. Walton did not encourage criticism, yet the sermon which they heard at church often furnished the topic of an interesting Sunday-evening's conversation, especially when Mr. Hammond joined their party.

“ It appears to me,” said Mr. Walton, “ that you young clergymen have, within the last few years, adopted a very different mode of preaching from what we used to hear formerly. A good many years ago—as far back as I can remember—a sermon used to be too often a sort of moral essay, containing very little mention of scriptural topics ; sometimes the name of Christ was not heard from one end to the other. No doubt there were many exceptions—my own father was one—but such was the general tone of sermons. Then there came a great change ; every sermon was on the peculiarities of the Chris-

tian faith ; and you never heard a text from any part of the Bible but the Epistles of St. Paul. But now, it appears to me that you have begun to take a much more enlarged view of Gospel-truth, and to range freely through the entire volume of Scripture, and declare the whole counsel of God."

MR. HAMMOND. "Such, I hope and believe, is the case. The last generation found the peculiarities of the Gospel too much neglected, and zealously laboured to revive the doctrine of the atonement, and sanctification through the Spirit. We of the present generation find these important doctrines generally assented to. It is our duty to maintain and apply them ; and we have leisure to complete the system of doctrine which was then only partially, and in some instances not correctly, revived. At the same time, I cannot but think it a providential circumstance, that evangelical principles have been firmly rooted in the minds of the people, before the revival of what are called Church-doctrines. But for this, there might have been danger of a relapse into the formalism of the Romish Church, of which now, I hope, there is no fear. Earnest-minded men now perceive that the Church-system is not, like Romanism, *opposed* to real evangelical truth, but is, in fact, its only perfect form of development."

MR. WALTON. "I quite agree with you. The great doctrines of the Cross are, I trust, indelibly impressed on the religious portion of the present generation. The evils which still vex the Church

have proved, however, that these doctrines only are not all-sufficient, and that it is not lawful for God's ministers to choose only such doctrines as they consider most important, and neglect others. Even though we might admit the Epistles of St. Paul to be, on the whole, the portion of the sacred volume which brings forward the essentials of our faith most prominently, still it is not a complete view of Scripture which rests exclusively on any part. I like to expatiate in the whole field of divine revelation; and there is no part which to me is more interesting than that on which you preached to-day,—the Acts of the Apostles, where we find developed the first formation of the Christian Church. I observe that you make frequent mention of these subjects; and you will allow me to observe, that, in my humble judgment, you act faithfully in so doing."

MR. HAMMOND. "I am very glad to hear you say so; for I can assure you that it is rather up-hill work to preach these doctrines, necessary as they are. Church-principles have been so long neglected, that a heavy burden is thrown on the present generation of clergymen. It is very difficult to know how to speak on them with plainness, yet without giving offence. If you say any thing which seems to blame Dissenters, one party amongst your congregation exults that the Dissenters are being set down, while the other accuses you of illiberality and exclusiveness. It often costs me a great deal of

thought to know how to bring in certain topics with faithfulness, but without offence."

MR. WALTON. "I have often admired the tact and good feeling with which you have introduced these subjects. Your plan is, I observe, not to preach against Dissenters, except when your subject forces you, but to set forth the privileges and duties of Churchmen."

MR. HAMMOND. "That is the plan which I wish to adopt; I conceive it absolutely necessary that Churchmen should know the reason why they belong to the Church, and are not Dissenters;—should be plainly taught that (there is but one true Church, and that the Church of England is, in this country, the only true branch of that Church—the only religious community, therefore, to which it is safe for them to belong.) It is also fit that they should have a right understanding of the privileges and duties which devolve on them as members of the Church."

MR. WALTON. "There is a great want in the present day of that holy fellowship which existed amongst the first Christians. People talk of each man worshipping God according to his own conscience, and give their hand to the sectarian, or even the unbeliever, with the same cordiality as to their brethren in the faith. I confess I greatly distrust the faith of the religious liberal, who makes no distinction between those who worship with him, and

those who despise his worship. You have well and clearly shewn, in your sermon of to-day, that Christians are united in a closer bond of fellowship, and admitted to a far higher range of social duties, than any which before existed. For, surely those who worship the same Lord, and eat the body and drink the blood of their Saviour together, are joined in holier and more sacred ties than others. For myself, I feel a great love for those whom I see around me every Lord's day in our parish-church. Those old people who sit in the free seats,—I know every one of them personally, and often have a friendly chat with them in their houses; and I do not hesitate to say, that I would do more to serve them than any other poor people in the parish. Does not the apostle say, 'Honour all men, *love the brotherhood*;'* 'do good unto all men, and *especially to those who are of the household of faith*?'†

MR. HAMMOND. "I remember a curious practice of George Herbert's with regard to his charity; a practice more worthy to be imitated than laughed at. When a poor person came to his door, he would, before giving them any thing, make them say the creed or the ten commandments, and as he found them perfect rewarded them the more. 'This,' said he, 'is to give like a priest.' So, to seek out as objects of our charity the poor members of the Church, is to give like a Churchman. Of course, if, like the

* 1 Pet. ii. 17.

† Gal. vi. 10.

good Samaritan, we found a poor man wounded or starving by the wayside, it would be a mere mockery to ask what religion he was of, before we gave him relief; our only thought would be, to stanch his wounds, and save his life: but, in our ordinary charities, our list of pensioners, and so forth, I quite agree with you, that it is our duty to seek out poor Churchmen, especially those who live up to their profession."

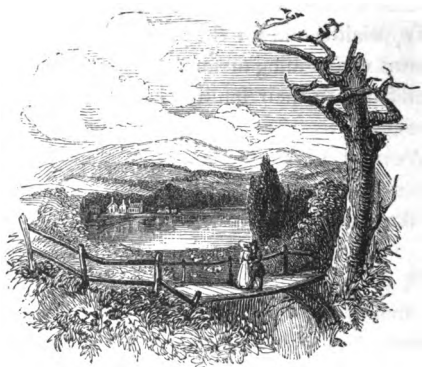
MR. WALTON. "And I can assure you the obligation is not all on one side; for I find few things more profitable than to converse with good and humble-minded Christians, as many of them are. It is surprising what clear views a regular and attentive, though uneducated, church-goer will acquire. I should like to introduce you to an old friend of mine, for whom, though but a poor labouring man, I have a greater respect, nay, almost reverence, than for almost any man I know. I am sure you would like to be acquainted with old Ambrose."

Mr. Hammond expressed his readiness to become acquainted with one of whom Mr. Walton spoke so highly.

"What say you, Anna and Elizabeth?" said Mr. Walton, turning to his daughters—"suppose we dine early to-morrow, and take Mr. Hammond in the evening to see old Ambrose."

His daughters gladly assented to Mr. Walton's proposal; for old Ambrose was as great a favourite with them as with their father: nor can it be denied

that, like dutiful children, they also shared their father's predilection for the young clergyman, whose piety and unassuming manner rendered him an agreeable addition to their family circle.



CHAPTER IX.

AN AGED MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining;
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme;
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

KEBLE

THE evening was calm and pleasant, when the party set out on their walk, according to previous arrangement, to see old Ambrose. It was one of those delicious midsummer evenings which one almost hopes will never come to a close, like the calm old age of a Christian, when the heat and burden of mid-day life is past.

“Elizabeth must tell you all about our old friend,” said Mr. Walton; “for she it was that first became acquainted with him.” Elizabeth, however, requested that her father would relate the circumstances. So he continued :

“We first knew him by sight, from observing him at church Sunday after Sunday, always occupying the same place in the fifth row of the middle aisle.”

“O, you mean the old man with white hair,” said Mr. Hammond, “who wears a waggoner’s frock, and is so remarkably attentive to the service. I have myself been much struck by his appearance, and intended to take an opportunity of making acquaintance with him.”

“It is the same,” said Mr. Walton. “For a long time, I never missed him from his accustomed place. There he was seated, generally before we came into church ; and if he happened to be rather later, which was very seldom the case—(though, by the way, Mr. Hammond, I wish the church-clock was more regular than it is ; it puts the congregation out sadly, and is really a serious evil)—however, if old Ambrose happened to be later than usual, the other frequenters of the free-seats used to leave his place unoccupied, being quite sure that he would come. At last, I missed him for two Sundays ; so I inquired where he lived, and went to look for him.

“It was a small and poor-looking cottage in the outskirts of the town. When I arrived at the door

and knocked, no answer was returned. I raised the latch, and entered ; still no one appeared. The hearth was cold, and the lower part of the house was apparently unoccupied. I gently opened the inner door which led to the upper part of the cottage ; and on listening, I heard a voice which was familiar to me :— it was Elizabeth reading the Scriptures to the old man, who lay apparently on his death-bed. His daughter was supporting his head, and his grandchildren kneeling by the bed-side ; it was an affecting, yet gratifying sight. I was delighted to find that Elizabeth had been beforehand with me in relieving the wants of the poor family, for they were really in great distress : the daughter, who was a widow, being unable to go out to her work, on account of the old man's illness. However, it pleased God that he should recover." (Mr. Walton did not say that it was instrumentally owing to the kindness of himself and his daughters, in providing him with proper necessaries and medical advice.) " This was the way," he continued, " in which we first became acquainted with old Ambrose. Afterwards I saw a good deal of him ; and found him, as well as his family, so much to my liking, that I moved them to my farm, and established Sarah, the daughter, as superintendent of the dairy. Old Ambrose does what he can on the farm, and that willingly ; but it is not much."

The party had by this time walked about a mile along the main-road, and then turned off by a foot-path which led through Mr. Walton's estate. It

wound pleasantly along some meadows by the side of a small stream shaded with alders, until it brought them to a place where the water was dammed up, and formed a pool of five or six acres, the banks of which had been planted with much taste. They crossed over a rustic bridge, and came immediately to an old farm-house with gables and mullioned windows, which Mr. Walton had made his dairy. The old-fashioned garden, with its regular walks and borders edged with box, was kept up just as it had been formerly ; and a venerable mulberry-tree spread its shade around. It was indeed a very pleasant spot.

“ When I first thought of making improvements,” said Mr. Walton, “ I intended to have pulled down the old house, which was a good deal dilapidated, and to have built a modern cottage ; but when I began the work, I found the old building so strong, that I determined to repair it and let it stand.”

“ And I have no doubt,” said Mr. Hammond, “ from its appearance, that it will stand longer yet, than if you had built a new one.”

“ This is the true principle of reform,” said Mr. Walton, “ whether in church or state,—not to pull down what is really sound, but continually to repair and adapt to modern wants.”

They found old Ambrose seated on a wooden bench in the porch, hearing his two little grandchildren read a portion of the Scriptures, as was his usual habit, before they went to rest. The contrast

between youth and age—the silver locks of the aged man, and the curly heads of the children—the calm gravity of the former, and the eager alacrity which beamed in the countenances of the latter,—presented a beautiful picture.

The old man rose from his seat, and welcomed the visitors with a respectful bow. “Good evening, Ambrose,” said Mr. Walton; “I have brought a new friend to see you—Mr. Hammond, our new clergyman.”

“I am very glad to make acquaintance with you,” said the curate, holding out his hand to the old man. “I ought to have done so sooner, for you are one of the most regular of my congregation.”

“God bless you,” said old Ambrose; “the clergy have been kind friends to me all my life; and I think it was a good day when *you* came amongst us, sir.”

It does not take long for good Christian Churchmen, whatever may be their difference of station, to become acquainted with each other. The young curate and the old man were soon on the most friendly terms: and Mr. Walton and the whole party were seated round the ample porch. “I have been telling Mr. Hammond,” said he, “how you and I came to be acquainted, and he is very anxious to hear the rest of your history.”

The old man was easily led on to relate to them the few particulars of his life; and the following is the substance of his simple narrative:—

Old Ambrose's History.

“ My time has passed away in much the same manner as that of hundreds of others in my station. I have had many trials, but many more mercies, in my day. I have been a hard-working man from my youth up. Year after year, and day after day, from sunrise to sunset, I have laboured for my bread. My chief pride has been to give my master an honest day's work for his wages ; and when one day's work was done, my chief care has been to be sure of work to-morrow. Many's the time I have not been sure how to get my daily bread ; but somehow or other, God has always provided for me.

“ I was born at the little village of A——, just on the other side of the town ; and I do not know that I ever was ten miles from it except once, when I drove farmer Yolkham's famous beast that won the prize at the cattle-show. My father and mother had four children, and I was the eldest. All the learning I ever got was at the Sunday-school. We were taught to read, but not to write. The clergyman used to take great pains to teach us the Church Catechism, and tell us the privileges of our baptism ; and that if we prayed earnestly, and strove and trusted in God, he would give us strength through the Holy Ghost to persevere in keeping his laws to our lives' end. He used to have us before him in church after the second lesson, and ask us questions before the congregation. They have left off that custom now

in all the churches ; but it was a good way of teaching poor folks ; and the children's parents used to think a good deal of it.

“ When I was about fourteen I got wildish, and used to go out with other boys bird-nesting and rat-hunting, and sometimes played truant on Sundays ; which hurt my father more than any thing, for he was very anxious about his children, and took great pains to train us in good ways.

“ I remember—indeed I have good reason to remember—going one Sunday with some other boys and snaring a hare. It was the first and last I ever snared, and I was very proud of it, and thought I had done a fine thing ; though I knew it was wrong, for my father had often told me so. My father heard what I had done. He was a mild but resolute man, not subject to violent passion, but firm and determined. I shall never forget the look he gave me. ‘ So you have been snaring a hare,’ said he, ‘ when I ordered you not.’ I was all of a tremble, for he took out a large clasp-knife, and opened it, looking at me very sternly. He got up and walked out at the cottage-door. I could not think what he was going to do ; however, I soon found out, for he came back with a thickish ash-plant, which he had cut out of the garden-hedge, and, taking me by the collar, gave me the soundest thrashing I ever had in my life. ‘ Now go to bed,’ said he, ‘ and I will talk to you more about it to-morrow.’

“ Next day, about the same time, he called me to

him ; and seeing that I was very penitent, he spoke to me with great kindness. ‘ Ambrose,’ said he, ‘ I am glad to see you ashamed of yourself for what you have done. It was a very sinful deed. You have broken three of God’s commandments. You broke the fourth commandment, in not keeping the Lord’s day holy, but going after your own pleasure ; you broke the fifth commandment, in not honouring and obeying your father ; you broke the eighth commandment, which says, ‘ Thou shalt not steal :’ the hare you killed belonged to the squire, because it was bred and fed on his land, and he is at great expense to take care of them. So that you sinned against your duty to God, and your duty towards your neighbour. Let me never hear of your doing the like again.’ I promised him that he should not. ‘ Well, we will talk no more about it ; I can assure you, my son, it hurt me to beat you quite as much as it hurt you to be beaten. It is the first time I ever did so, and I hope it will be the last. Perhaps this beating will save you from being a thief and a poacher.’

“ And so it did ; I never poached again. And often, when I have seen the evil courses which others have fallen into who began first by snaring a hare, and their parents encouraged them, I have thanked God for giving me a good parent who checked me at the first.

“ My father was kinder than ever to me afterwards, and I soon forgot the beating, though the good

effects of it remained. Soon after there happened what I have always looked on as the most important event in all my life. The clergyman gave out in the church, that the bishop would come to the town of ——— in about six weeks, and all the young people were to go to the cathedral to be confirmed. I did not very much heed it at the time, and thought only about having a holyday ; but when I got home, my father said to me, ‘ Ambrose, this is a very serious business : you are going to renew, in the presence of God, the promises and vows which were made for you at your baptism, and so secure a continuance of God’s blessing. I wish you to know thoroughly what you are going to do. The clergyman has given notice that he intends to explain all about it to you, every Tuesday and Thursday, at half-past six o’clock in the evening ; and I would have you go every day without fail, for he can teach you more about it than I can.’ I was going to tell my father, that that was just the time when I had to take home farmer Yolkham’s horses, but he prevented me ; ‘ I will speak to your master, and I have no doubt he will let me look to the horses for you.’

“ Farmer Yolkham readily consented, and let me off from my work a quarter of an hour earlier, in order that I might clean myself before going to the parsonage. So I went regularly twice a week, with about twenty other boys ; the girls went on Wednesdays and Fridays. Some of the boys took it very lightly, and thought all they had to do was to say

the Catechism by heart ; but God gave me the understanding to see that it was a business of great importance, and I was very anxious to learn thoroughly what it was that I was going to take upon myself. The clergyman went step by step through the Catechism with us, explaining every part of it ; shewing us that we were made God's children at baptism, and pledged by our sponsors to walk according to God's laws, and to believe in him and obey him all the days of our life. Then he shewed us what we were to believe, and what we were to do, as it is summed up in the creed and the commandments, and how we were to seek, by prayer, for God's assistance, without which we could do nothing. All this he taught us carefully ; and if some were inattentive, he explained it over and over again. I am sure if any of us did not quite understand it, and perceive the great importance of it, it was not his fault. The day before we went, he had us all before him at the church, boys and girls as well, and a good many of the parents came. He told us, that as he had so often questioned us, and was satisfied with our answers, he should not do so again, but would take the opportunity of speaking to us about what we were to do when we went to the cathedral the next day. He then bade us open our prayer-books, and he went through the confirmation-service, shewing us where we were to answer, and how we were to behave ourselves. And then he told us, that though it was necessary that we should perform our parts of the

service respectfully and reverently, yet it was on the frame and disposition of mind in which we renewed our solemn engagement with God, that the benefit of confirmation mainly depended; and he bade us pray earnestly for God's grace to enable us to do our parts heartily and sincerely. I paid great attention to what he said, for he spoke to us as if we were his own children; and I prayed that night and the next morning more earnestly than I had ever done before.

“ It was a day I shall never forget as long as I live, because I think that I began to make improvement from that time. The sun shone brightly and cheerfully as we walked to the town. There was a cart with benches in it which held about a dozen girls, and they went in it, half and half at a time, the rest walking with the schoolmistress; the boys went behind with the master. When we got to the great door of the cathedral, the clergyman met us very kindly, and led us in with him, and ranged us all in order. There were three or four hundred besides ourselves, and a beautiful sight it was. Most of the boys and girls behaved very well, though some were too much looking about them; but when the service began, we all listened very attentively. I remember I was sitting near the bishop; and when he asked us the question, ‘ Do ye here, in the presence of God and of the congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow which was made in your name at your baptism, ratifying and confirming the same in

your own persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and do all those things which your godfathers and godmothers then undertook for you ?' I answered, '*I do,*' so loud that the bishop looked at me as if he was glad to hear me speak so heartily ; and I thought he remembered it again when he came to put his hand on my head. I felt very humbled and grateful to God when the bishop blessed me and prayed for me, saying, 'Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever, and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come to thy everlasting kingdom.' I knew that the bishop stood in the place of the apostles, and had a divine commission from God to pronounce his blessing upon his servants. Afterwards, when he went to his throne to address us, you might have heard a pin drop. He explained to us over again, but in more grave and solemn language than the clergyman, the meaning of what we had been doing, and the nature of the engagements into which we had now entered for ourselves. He told us that we were now pledged, by our own promise, to keep God's commandments, and that we must keep them not in the letter only, but in the spirit. Confirmation, he said, was often a great turning-point in life. If we sincerely prayed to God, and resolved from thenceforth to walk in his ways, our lives would be satisfactory and full of comfort ; whether we were rich or poor, servants or masters, it mattered not, while God was with us, and we were in good hope of

obtaining glory hereafter. But if we forgot our promises, we should get into bad ways, and grow continually worse and worse, and be miserable in this world, and eternally lost in the next.

“After this, he concluded by telling us that it would be our high privilege to partake of the body and blood of Christ our Lord; and he earnestly advised us to begin on the first opportunity, and continue it through life.

“It is more than sixty years since that day; but I never see the grey spires of the cathedral peering over the hill, but I think on the promises and vows which I made in the presence of God and the congregation, and fancy I hear again the bishop’s text, ‘Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them, and that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.’* That day was indeed blessed by God to my profit. I began to pray both night and morning more regularly and earnestly than I had done, and to think more about what I was doing. I went regularly with my father to church, morning and evening; and always attended the Lord’s supper. Some of the young fellows about my age laughed at me, and said it was time enough when I was an old man to go twice a day to church, and attend the

* 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15.

sacrament. But I told them, ‘ *I did not know that I ever should be an old man* ; and that the bishop, as well as the clergyman, had advised us to begin immediately ; and I saw no laughing matter in it, for the best people in the parish all did so.’ Thus I used to argue at first ; but after a while I found a surer argument, from the experience which I had of the benefits of the holy communion, as well as the other services of the Church. I found that it brought before me a lively remembrance of all that Christ the Lord had done and suffered for us ; so that when I was tempted to sin, all these things came into my mind, and saved me from the temptation. And the more I shaped my life according to the word of God, the happier I always was. I felt quite certain that God’s word was truth ; and full of hope that he would save me for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ, and make me holy through his Spirit. I came to take great delight in the prayers, and services, and preaching in the church. I knew it was all taken from the word of God ; for the clergyman not only took his text from Scripture, but explained it by other texts, proving to us from the Scriptures that what he taught us was right. I have often thought, what should we poor people do, if there were no parish-church for us to go to, and no clergyman to teach us — what lost, miserable, ignorant creatures we should be !

“ I remember once there came a ranting preacher into the parish ; and a good many people went at first

to hear him, and said he was a finer preacher than the clergyman, and could preach without a book. But I asked them, 'Who gave him authority to preach? I know who gave the clergyman his authority; he was ordained by the bishop, who had received power to ordain regularly down from the apostles; but who this ranter was, or who gave him authority, I did not know. So how could I tell that he would teach us any good? Besides, it is a great sin, as St. Paul teaches us, to make divisions in the Church.' So I would not go to hear the Dissenter at all; and I am very glad I did not, for some of those who went became unsettled, and took to bad and irregular ways.

"As to worldly affairs, they have gone on much about the same with me as with other persons of my class. I have had many trials, but God's grace has supported me under them. When I was about thirty, I had as much as twenty pounds in the savings-bank, and, being a strong healthy labourer, I thought I might venture to marry. Indeed, Mary and I had as good as made up our minds five or six years before, but we thought it best to wait till we could furnish our house, and begin the world decently. And great comfort we had together for forty years. Now and then, to be sure, we were a little pinched; for a young family soon runs away with any savings. One of the greatest helps we labourers ever had, was when the clergyman wrote to Sir John Bigland, the lord of the manor, and got the great field next to

the village, and let it out in quarters of acres to the labourers. Farmer Close, who took to the farm that Ladyday, was very angry about it, and said that we had got the best bit of pasture on the farm. However, he was reconciled afterwards, when he found what a difference it made in the poor-rates. After this, I always used to have thirty strike of potatoes or so, and two flitches of bacon, to begin the winter with. Besides, it was a nice place for the children to go and work in, and learn how to do something for themselves; and I observed that several labourers, who before went to the beer-shop for want of something to do, took to working in their gardens instead. So it was a good thing in many ways.

“I think I was hardest pinched one time, when Mary was put to bed with her seventh child. We were obliged to hire a girl to take care of the children, and it was very difficult to get food enough for them all, for it was a bad potatoe-year, and I was out of work. However, when Mary went to be churched, the clergyman saw how pale she looked, and afterwards came to inquire about us; and when he found how badly we were off, he sent us that day a quartern loaf of bread, and went and told the squire; and the squire came and saw us too, and he thought it was time we had relief from the parish. But I told him I never had gone to the parish, and did not like doing so, if I could possibly help it. Not that I was too proud, but I thought it my duty to keep off as long as I could. And the squire said

I was quite right, and he would find a job for me to do. So he set me to dig a plantation, and gave me twelve shillings a week ; besides which the lady sent a large can of soup every other day for the children : so I got through that winter very well. And I have always found, through life, that when I have been worst off, God has raised up a friend to help me.

“ But poverty is a light affliction, in comparison with some which poor and rich alike are called on to endure. Great as are the comforts and blessings of domestic love, it is also the occasion of heaviest sorrow. The parents of a numerous offspring must expect to mourn for some taken early from them, and to grieve for others who, notwithstanding their greatest care, do not come up to their fond hopes. I had a fine brave boy—all that father could wish—he was the eldest of them all, and an example to the rest of all that was good, and obedient, and loving. I sent him to the day-school in the parish, and, with some trouble, kept him there when he might have been doing something to earn his bread ; but I wished him to have the advantage of more learning than his father, as the times seemed to require it. He was the best boy at the school, and often brought home books given him by the master as rewards, or borrowed from the school-library, which he would read to his mother and me on the winter-evenings. Perhaps we set our minds too strongly on him, and were too much lifted up by the promise which he gave. God saw that it was best to part us : best for him,

because he was fit for a better place ; and best for us, lest our too great fondness might draw our hearts away from God. But we have no right to inquire too curiously into the cause of God's dispensations ; it is enough for us to bow to his will. One day our dear boy, the pride of our hearts, who had gone forth in the morning full of health and life, was borne home a mangled lifeless corpse, having been crushed beneath a cart-wheel. I will not dwell on the sad particulars. We laid him in his grave with many tears, and bowed in submission to the will of God.

“ But God saw fit to chasten us again through the suffering of those whom we loved best. We had a daughter, comely and modest ; she was the very picture of her mother, when I remember her in the first prime of womanhood. Her, too, we doated on with more than parents' fondness. She gladdened our cottage-hearth with her presence, and cheered us with her dutiful service. In an evil hour she received the addresses of one of the youths of the village. To be sure there was not much to find fault with in him : he was frank and good-natured, and seemed to love her truly ; but I never liked his careless jaunty look, and had heard that he was sometimes guilty of wild pranks. So I thought it became me as a father to bid Susannah look more carefully into his character before she agreed to marry him. No good, I told her, could come of joining herself with one who was not a true servant of God, and did not lead a sober, honest life. How-

ever, he was aware of my thoughts, and knew that, much as Susannah loved him, she would never marry him without her father's consent. So he came regularly to church, and behaved as if he was an altered man; and told me that, if he had been guilty of irregular conduct, he was heartily sorry for it; all of us were liable to error; and he hoped that I would forgive him, as God, he knew, would. I was won over by these fair speeches; and seeing poor Susan's heart set upon it, I gave my consent at last to the marriage.

“For some time after the wedding, all went on well enough; and I began to hope my misgivings had been unfounded. However, many months had not passed, before his conduct began to change towards her; and my daughter, though she never complained, was plainly suffering in her health and spirits. First, he left off going to church, which was a sure sign of evil; then he took to the beer-shop and bad companions, and stayed out at nights, or came home drunk, and abused his poor wife. He was even so unmanly as to beat her, though she was all meekness and patience, and never returned him an angry word. What will not poor women sometimes endure! But God will recompense her in the resurrection of the just. Things went on from bad to worse, until one night he drove her out of the house, and she came starved and shivering to her father's cottage. My spirit was greatly moved. I remonstrated with him, threatened to go to a magis-

trate, appealed to his sense of duty to God and man, and the promises he had made to me before I gave my consent that he should have my daughter. He was humbled and ashamed ; and afterwards, when he saw that poor Susan was dangerously ill from his bad treatment, he seemed really to feel it. However, he soon went back to his evil ways ; until at last he was taken up with a gang of poachers, for being concerned in a fray when one of the squire's keepers was killed, and was sentenced to be transported ; indeed, I was told he had a near escape of being hung. After he left the country, Susan never held up her head again. Partly from ill-treatment, and partly from grief, she pined away gradually, and grew weaker and weaker, until an early labour ended her sufferings, and she and her dead infant were buried in one grave. Of all the afflictions which I have endured in life, to see my poor meek daughter's sufferings was the greatest. Sadly would her mother and I talk over our bereavement ; until God's mercy and the dutiful behaviour of our remaining children gradually effaced the wound from our hearts.

“ And so we lived on together many more years, peaceably and contentedly, until it was time for us to part. It is now about seven years since my dear wife died ; but she went in such hope and peace, that, deeply as I felt her loss, I thought I had no right to repine. All my children whom God had spared were gone out into the world, except one daughter. After a while she married too ; and as I

was past doing work, I was afraid I must have gone into the poor-house. But she and her husband said, 'I should never do that, while they could maintain me: it was contrary to law as well as gospel.' So I came to live with them here in the town, and very good they have been to me.

"At last it pleased God to take Sarah's husband, leaving her a widow with three small children. But God gave her health and strength, and she had pretty regular out-door work, and I got a little now and then. So we managed pretty well, till I was taken ill; and then I do not know what would have become of us, if God had not sent Miss Elizabeth and good Mr. Walton to help us. Since then we have been very comfortable, and want for nothing. My greatest pleasure is to go to God's house on Sundays, and on week-days after work to hear these children read the Bible. They are very good children," said the old man, patting them on the head; "and I often think that, poor as my lot has been through life, yet, with one or two exceptions, I could scarcely wish them a happier."

CHAPTER X.

MR. WALTON'S OPINION ON THE TRUE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHURCH.

I joy, dear mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments and hue,
Both sweet and bright :
Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

GEORGE HERBERT. *The British Church.*

MR. HAMMOND was both pleased and affected by the godly simplicity of the aged Christian, and shook him cordially by the hand, promising to call and see him frequently.

“ Old Ambrose will remind us,” said he, as they walked homewards, “ of the words of the Psalmist : ‘ I have been young, and now am old ; yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.’ ”

“ This is the man,” said Mr. Walton, “ whom your modern philosophers would call a poor ignorant rustic. I never see old Ambrose, whether at his cottage or in his seat at church—I never mark his calm, contented eye, and the holy meekness of his demeanour, without thinking that he will occupy a

very high place amongst the saints of heaven. He is

———— ‘one to whom
Long patience hath such calm composure given
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need.’

There is in his character a humble, yet independent tone of thought—a ‘poorness of spirit,’ without a particle of meanness—a calm contented serenity—a deep religious feeling, divested of all the excitement of a heated imagination,—which is the privilege of one who has served God from his youth up, and is passing through a quiet life to a peaceful grave.”

They paused for a while, and walked on without speaking, each of them deeply impressed with the simple dignity of the character of him with whom they had just conversed. At last Mr. Walton broke the silence, beginning, as usual, to philosophise, and unconsciously drawing his illustrations from the scene around them.

“A country blessed, like England, with an established Church—of course supposing it to be a branch of the true Church—is like a field in high tillage, which puts up its rich crops of corn in proportion to the pains bestowed on it. The character of old Ambrose is the genuine growth of the English Church,—at least as it exists in our rural districts, for in our large towns it is unable, with its present means, to cope with the population. But where the Church has fair play and free development, where

its principles are truly carried out, and the population is not so dense as to prevent the ordained pastor from coming into contact with every individual within his fold, there is a continual tendency to the production of intellects more or less approaching to that of old Ambrose—loyal, faithful, peaceable, and intelligent. I have always considered a national establishment to give scope for the most perfect exhibition of the Church of Christ. The Church-system is entirely of divine origin, having been established during the lifetime of the apostles. It may be allied with the State or not, according to circumstances; being in itself perfect when unestablished, but deficient in means to cope with the entire population. The evils which have in some cases resulted from its establishment and connexion with the State are perfectly accidental. The union between Church and State may exist without the least interference in each other's functions; and then I conceive the Church to be most perfect and efficient. Its due operation rests on its triple order of ministry. The bishops have received from the apostles divine authority to superintend and set things in order, and to ordain a continual succession of ministers; the priests receive from them authority to administer the sacraments and ordinances in local districts or parishes; the deacons are appointed to aid them with their ministry. Thus, Christ being the fountain-head, the apostles and ministers of the Church are like so many rills or channels, by which the stream of divine grace

is spread over the land. Wheresoever there is a lack of ministers, especially of any entire order of the ministry, there the land is thirsty and dry. Amongst the Dissenters here in England, and amongst the Presbyterians of Scotland, where they reject the divinely appointed order of bishops, there is an absence of that humble submission to authority, which is so amiable a feature of the Christian character, as developed often in the English Church ; there is leaning to their own judgment, and an impatience of control, a want of reverence and godly fear, at variance with the character of the lowly Churchman : if I may so speak, there is piety without holiness ; that is to say, though the understanding is imbued with Christian truth, yet there is not that thorough sanctification of the heart which is attained under a sounder system. Corresponding with this spiritual defect, there is a political disaffection to civil government ; a democratic, arrogant temper ; an anxiety to maintain rights rather than to perform duties. In Prussia, where the government is absolute, the want of the episcopal order is shewn, in the disesteem in which the establishment is held, and, as in Scotland, by the slight influence which it holds over the higher orders. Here, in England, we acknowledge the three orders of the ministry, and, to a great degree, derive the benefit which results from an adherence to God's ordinance. Still, the Church-system might be much more fully carried out than it is. The insufficiency of the *number* of our bishops

is one cause that their divine authority is not so universally recognised as it should be, and that many have left the communion of the Church from sheer ignorance of its value. The same complaint is applicable to the deficiency of parish-priests. How can it be expected that a parish, containing ten thousand souls, or upwards, can receive the impulse of the divine system from the ministration of one pastor ? We sadly want reform in this respect ; and I have often thought, too, that much good might be done by the more general revival of the sacred order of deacons. In the ancient Church, where the Gospel had begun to be generally received, we find, in many cities, that there were as many as seven deacons under one priest, as assistants to him in the ministry. How valuable would such assistance be now in our great towns ! What with visiting-societies, and schools, and clubs, the parochial clergyman often has positively no time to give to the more spiritual departments of his ministry. He has no leisure for study, very little for preparing his sermons, and the daily prayers are often entirely discontinued."

" If laymen," observed Mr. Hammond, " would give their aid in the management of the different societies as willingly as you and your family do, it would be a great relief to the clergy."

" Yet," answered Mr. Walton, " I would rather see ordained ministers ; it seems to me more in accordance with the apostles' usage. Read only the sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. A diffi-

culty had arisen about providing for the necessities of the poor widows : ‘ Then the twelve apostles called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables.’ And they proposed to appoint seven deacons ; which was accordingly done. Just as a parochial minister might say, ‘ It is not reason that we should leave off the daily prayers, and the study necessary for preparing our sermons, and visiting the sick, — and that our time should be taken up with provident societies, and savings-banks, and penny-clubs, and lending-libraries, and infant-schools, and daily schools, and Sunday-schools : highly important as these things are, they prevent us from attending to our more peculiar duties.’ Surely it would not be unreasonable to require that a deacon should be appointed under the parochial clergyman for every thousand souls. But the truth is, that the Church has been sadly neglectful for the last two or three generations ; she ought to have divided her parishes long ago, and increased the number of her ministry ; and ——”

“ But, my good sir,” said Mr. Hammond, with a slight degree of warmth, “ whose fault was that ? Why did not you laymen, who have been managing our affairs for us, take care to divide the parishes, and appoint a proper number of clergymen ?”

“ *Why did not you clergy,*” replied Mr. Walton, “ *tell us what we ought to have done, and preach at us every Sunday, morning and evening, till we did it ?*”

I never heard that you made any great efforts of this sort. However, my good friend, I can assure you, that when I spoke of the Church having neglected her duty, I meant to speak of laymen just as much as clergy; I did not in the least intend to exonerate the State from her share of the blame. And now, since both have been equally neglectful, let us vie with each other which can do the most to repair the mischief; let us join in calling loudly on the government to reinstate the Church in a position in which she shall be able to cope with our increased population. But let us not trust too much to government. That has been our chief fault, and is what we are suffering from. (If the government will not do its duty, we must not neglect ours. Let our bishops come forward in the way in which the apostles did; let them say plainly, ' Our numbers are not equal to the duties imposed upon us; we call on you to provide more labourers in the vineyard; furnish you the means, nominate the men if you choose, and if they are, so far as we are able to discern, men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, we will ordain them to the ministry.' I should like to see each diocese so united together in the bonds of spiritual union, that the bishop might be able continually, according to his commission, ' to set in order what was wanting; ' that he might say at his visitation, ' Here a new church is wanting; here a new pastor is wanting; here a new deacon; here an aged pastor or clerk should be pensioned

off; here a school wants enlarging; here a gallery building.' And that the united diocese should contribute the means for supplying what was needful. If the cost to the diocese were great, I think it impossible to argue that it is not the duty of Churchmen to afford it; but I am persuaded that if we could once get the Church again on a scale suited to the nation, it might be kept up with comparatively little difficulty. By such means our towns might be brought into as good culture as our best-conditioned villages; and instead of the idle, drunken, dissolute artisans, which disgrace their streets, you might train up Christians like old Ambrose. Nor should the magnitude of the work be any discouragement; because every step we take, we do a proportionate amount of good; every new church built, every clergyman appointed, every school brought into union, is likely to convey the benefits of religion into the surrounding neighbourhood; and though I think the soundest and most efficient mode would be for each diocese to act together as an united Christian body, yet, in default of this, if each Churchman would look to his own immediate neighbourhood, and exert himself to provide for its wants, the good done might be incalculable."

Mr. Hammond listened with delight to his enthusiastic and sanguine parishioner, and only wished that there were many more Churchmen like him. The Church would not then be in her present state of insufficiency.

CHAPTER XI.

THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO MRS. WALTON AND HER
DAUGHTERS. MRS. DECORSET AND THE BAZAAR.

To give society its highest taste,
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life ;
This be the female dignity and praise.

THOMSON.

It is quite time that we should introduce our reader more particularly to Mr. Walton's family, and we can assure him that he will find them very agreeable people.

Mr. Walton, when he lived at Trieste, had married the daughter of one of the principal English residents, a lady of excellent principles, as well as of lady-like manners. When she came to settle with her husband at Churchover, she soon won the good opinion of her neighbours and her husband's old friends. Uniting a winning sweetness with a graceful dignity of manner, she set an example of courtesy and good breeding in the small circle of the country town in which she lived ; and when she mixed, as she often did, with the neighbouring families, who

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were her superiors in point of rank and station, she preserved that perfect self-command and propriety of demeanour, equally distant from vulgar forwardness as from reserve, which proved her to be fitted alike for any station in which the will of God might place her.

It is a delightful thing, that *natural* good breeding, as it is termed, which one sees — and not unfrequently, for it is not confined to any class of life. You may see it in the cottager's wife, or the maid-servant, as well as in the highest ranks. And yet true refinement is not *natural*, strictly speaking, any more than other virtues are natural. (Human nature is selfish, violent, and arrogant: what we are describing is the offspring of Christian grace.) It is a branch of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." It is that modesty and simplicity which results from a meek and quiet spirit; which places the mind above the petty jealousies of this world, and enables those who possess it to act with propriety under all the circumstances of life. This is true refinement; and the politeness of high life is too often but an imitation of it; though I am far from saying that there is not as much genuine refinement in high life as in any other class. In fact, it is well known, that in many of our noble families, there is

cf. p. 58

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as much simplicity of mind and character, perhaps more, than in the classes below them.

Mrs. Walton had educated her daughters in the same quiet, unobtrusive, gentle manner, in which she had been trained herself. She did not think that she had done her duty as a Christian mother, if she attended only to their personal and mental accomplishments: it was not enough with her to watch the opening graces of their form, or the expression of their intelligent countenances, and guard against improprieties of manner and behaviour; — but with maternal solicitude she checked every rising tendency to pride and vanity, and aided the development of those graces of the heart which a Christian faith alone could give. Thus her daughters grew up Christian gentlewomen: they were well principled, well informed, well mannered; fit in every respect to associate with their superiors in rank, but ready to join at the same time, with the most perfect good humour, in the society of their fellow town's-people. Anna, the eldest, was a lively, spirited girl, who generally attracted the first notice. Elizabeth was more retired and diffident, but not inferior to her sister, as those affirmed who knew her best.

It is surprising how much good a family of this sort will do in a neighbourhood which is fortunate enough to possess them, and able to appreciate their good qualities. Filling with dignity the exact station in which God placed them, and pursuing the quiet tenour of their way, they do, by the very con-

trast of their deportment, shame people out of that vulgar rivalry and affectation, which is, alas, so generally prevalent.

Many persons seem to think, that, if they are good-natured and open-hearted in their manner, they will have to submit to a good deal of impertinent familiarity from vulgar persons. But even if it were so, is a Christian prepared to say that we should be proud, and cold, and haughty, in order to escape a personal inconvenience? We must, if it be so, be ready to sacrifice a little self-pleasing, and submit to the annoyance.

But I do not think it will be found that Christian courtesy subjects a person to undue familiarity, but rather engenders respect. I will not say that the Miss Waltons, especially Anna, had not, even before they were twenty, received some rather impertinent letters from one or two young men, who mistook their good-natured manner for a mark of more encouragement than was warranted. This was chiefly owing to the circumstance of their being likely to have good fortunes: but the only inconvenience was, that they had to send a civil answer, and undeceive the too-presumptuous aspirants.

Besides the pleasant feeling which Mr. Walton's family spread around in the social circle of Church-over, the good which they did amongst the poor was very great indeed. Their father had brought them up with a notion that they were to "do good in their generation;" and the example which he set

them could not fail to encourage them in their charitable labours. But the stream of their charity ran in a quiet, unobtrusive channel, very different from that of many. They had no need of new schemes, and continual excitements ; they did not care to hold the plates at the church-door after a charity-sermon, or to figure at public meetings ; though they were far too good-natured to refuse their aid on such occasions, when required. Still it was not what they most liked : they preferred much to go on in their usual quiet way, teaching the children at the school which they supported, under the superintendence of the clergyman ; managing their provident club ; and doing more even by their kindness of manner than by pecuniary sacrifice (much as they did in that way also), to spread a right feeling among the different classes of society.

It is a great trial to some ardent and enthusiastic young ladies when the clergyman of the parish does not enter into all their schemes. However, they should look on it as a trial ; they should remember that the clergyman is, after all, the party most concerned in any plan for the good of his parish,—and submit to it. The clergyman may have very good reasons for his conduct. Openly to oppose the parochial minister is a great and positive evil, which they should carefully avoid. The Miss Waltons kindly and respectfully aided old Mr. Latimer in his parochial labours, without pressing upon him any new-fangled schemes, of which he did not discern

the use ; but when the care of the parish devolved on Mr. Hammond, they entered with equal zeal into the more active measures which he recommended.

One morning, as they were engaged at home in their usual occupations, an important rap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Decorset and her daughters were announced. Mrs. Decorset was a widow lady, who had for a year or more occupied a genteel cottage in the outskirts of the town : who she was, and what was her past history, no one knew ; but, by the help of a little pushing, in which she was ably abetted by her three fine showy daughters, she soon obtained admittance to the principal circle at Church-over. On the occasion of her present visit, it was evident from the diplomatic expression of her countenance, that she had some important business in hand, which she was manœuvring to bring forward.

“ How interesting it is, ma’am,” said she, “ to see the nice new churches which are being built all over the country ; the poor people, I am sure, ought to be very thankful for the exertion which the gentlefolks are making for them. I hear they are endeavouring to raise funds for building and endowing a church at Little Muddlecot : it will be an excellent thing.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Walton ; “ there are as many as seven hundred poor people, who have no church within five miles of them. We have been requested to receive subscriptions ; and I am sure I shall be most happy to add your name.”

“ Oh,” said Mrs. Decorset, refusing to receive the paper which was offered to her, “ it is very well for rich people, like you, to give your guineas and five guineas, which you will never miss ; but for a poor widow, like myself, with an expensive family, who can but just keep up our proper station in society, really I am obliged, most reluctantly, to decline. However, I told Mr. Ascham, who called this morning with the subscription-list, that if we could be useful in any other way, both my daughters and myself would be only too happy.”

And now having brought her conversation to the point she wished,—

“ By the by,” said she, as if the thought had just struck her, “ do you not think we might get up a bazaar ?”

“ What an excellent thought !” said two of the Miss Decorsets, as if taking up, for the first time, their mother’s idea, directing their observation to Miss Walton.

Anna almost looked as if she should have liked the plan, but her mother’s disapproving countenance restrained her. In truth, Mrs. Walton thought a bazaar was rather a questionable mode of raising money for such occasions. It was too much like turning that which was a great and solemn duty into an occasion of mere pleasure and excitement—not to say, frivolity and vanity. However, under all the circumstances, she did not like to throw cold water on a scheme from which good might result ; and at

last gave a rather reluctant consent, that if there was to be a bazaar, she and her daughters would contribute what they were able; but as to keeping a stall, that she must decidedly decline.

“O,” said Mrs. Decorset, “to be sure, it is rather an odd situation for ladies. Still, on such an occasion, and for such an excellent object, I am sure my daughters and myself would do our best.”

The bustling widow, having obtained her object, soon took her leave, and went immediately to Mrs. A., Mrs. B., and Mrs. C., saying that she was commissioned by Mrs. Walton to endeavour to obtain assistance to get up a bazaar, in order to raise funds in aid of the new church; seven hundred poor people were destitute of spiritual consolation, and this was the only mode in which their wants could be relieved. Many persons, who would not have listened to Mrs. Decorset, were glad to assist in a proposal recommended by Mrs. Walton; so the scheme was eagerly taken up, and all hands were set to work at screens, pincushions, paper-cases, drawings, baby-linen, clergyman’s bands, reticules, sermon-cases, &c. &c. &c.

At length the anxious day arrived. Mrs. Decorset shewed a wonderful talent in arranging all things, and securing for herself and her daughters one of the principal stalls, with Lady W— on the right hand, and the Honourable Mrs. S— on the left. There they stood, Mrs. Decorset in an elegant hat and feathers; her daughters, with a profusion of flowers

and ringlets, attracting more customers than any body else, joking with young men whom they had never seen in their lives, envied by their own sex, admired by the other.

In the midst of their glory, who should come up but farmer Yolkham, to buy a doll, as he said, for his little grandchild. He was hard to please; the Miss Decorsets handed to him article after article, but none would do. At last Mrs. Decorset, with her most winning smile, presented him with a beautiful little doll. "Allow me, sir," said she, "to recommend this; I am sure it will exactly suit you."

It *did* exactly suit his fancy, but not more than Mrs. Decorset's obliging manner won his admiration. "Bless me, ma'am," said he, in a voice which all the room could distinctly hear, "what a fine thing it is to be served by ladies like you! I do declare, ma'am, *you look as if you had been used to stand behind a counter all your life.*"

Poor Mrs. Decorset almost fainted with horror. Alas, it was but too true! She *had* been used to stand behind the counter all her life before she came to Churchover. Every body heard the farmer's ill-timed compliment; every body saw Mrs. Decorset's confusion, and drew their own conclusion. Poor woman, all her gratification was at an end! for the rest of the day, the farmer's words rung in her ears; she was glad when the bazaar was over, and never alluded to it again.

Now, what was the reason that poor Mrs. Decor-

set was thus annoyed by the simple truth? Why should she be ashamed of standing behind a counter? Is it not an honest and respectable occupation? Are there not hundreds of excellent, amiable, well-mannered females who do so? Why, then, should she be ashamed? It was just because she wanted to pass for a different person from what she really was. She had pushed herself into a society to which she had no claim to be admitted, and therefore was liable to continual mortification. (It is astonishing how people, who might live comfortably and respectably, vex and worry themselves by a perpetual struggle to get a step higher than they are. And this is not the worst part of it; for nothing leads persons into so many mean and shabby deeds, so many story-tellings and deceptions, as this vain affectation of fashion.) We are too apt to laugh at it, as a mere failing—whereas, in truth, it is a sinful, unchristian habit; and I am afraid, not only has marred the happiness, but has corrupted the hearts of many in every station of life, from the ambitious aspirant to the highest circle of exclusiveness, down to Mrs. Decorset the milliner, who wanted to pass herself off for a fine lady.



CHAPTER XII.

MR. WALTON'S HOUSEHOLD.

Mine eyes shall be on them within
 The land that faithful be,
 In perfect way who walketh shall
 Be servant unto me :
 I will no guileful person have
 Within my house to dwell ;
 And in my presence he shall not
 Remain that lies doth tell.

Psalm ci. Old version.

"HOPKINS," said Mr. Walton to his butler, who was removing the breakfast-things, "just shut the door ; I want to have a word with you."

Mr. Hopkins accordingly closed the door, and awaited his master's communication. "I am afraid," continued Mr. Walton, "that William does not go on quite so well as he ought. I had an excellent character with him when I engaged him as groom, at least for steadiness and sobriety. Mr. Mowbray said that he wanted a little more knowledge of his business; but *that* I did not so much mind about, if he was a good lad. I am rather afraid, however, that he is not so steady as he ought to be."

Mr. Hopkins, contrary to his usual habit of respectful attention, had gradually turned away from his master, and mechanically began to gather up the cups and saucers, without seeming disposed to return an answer. However, Mr. Walton continued: "I look to you, Hopkins, to let me know if there is any thing seriously amiss in the family; it is not good for any servant, nor for the rest of the family, that irregularities should be suffered to go unnoticed."

"I cannot say," said Mr. Hopkins at last, "that I have noticed any thing in William's conduct which I considered it my duty to complain of to you. He is a good-natured lad. However, sir, I think, perhaps, a little talking-to might do him good."

"Well," said Mr. Walton, "send him up here."

William being summoned, slipped on his livery over his stable-dress, and presently made his appearance, with a look which at once betrayed his apprehension that he was about to receive a reprimand.

"I am sorry to say, William," said his master,

“that I have reason to complain of you lately. You are a civil and obliging young man, and might do well, if you chose; but I am afraid you are getting into idle habits. Your harness does not look at all so well as it ought. Miss Anna’s pony is in very different condition from what it was when I bought it three months ago.”

William muttered something about the pony changing his coat, and the hay not being quite so good as it ought to be. However, Mr. Walton proceeded: “Don’t try to make excuses, William; but listen to what I have to say. I expect that every servant of mine should do his duty. It is your duty to clean the harness.” Mr. Walton cared as little, perhaps, about his harness, for mere appearance-sake, as most men; but he knew very well, that if the harness was neglected, William’s time was not employed as it ought to be. “I expect every servant of mine to do his duty, and will not overlook any neglect of it; so I think it right to give you a fair warning. If you should leave me, and come for a character, I shall consider it my duty to set down, without exaggeration or diminution, exactly what I think of you. If I am asked whether you are civil, obliging, and honest, I shall answer that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, you are so. If I am asked as to your moral and religious conduct, I hope I may give a satisfactory answer”—(here William shuffled about a little),—“but I cannot say that you are attentive to your business, unless you improve

upon what you are at present. So take notice, William, that you have a character to gain ; and I hope, in a short time, I shall be able to speak more satisfactorily of you. And remember, that it is a sin against God, your heavenly Master, if you do not do your duty in whatsoever station he has placed you. God has given you knowledge of his law ; and by his help you may learn to live honestly, soberly, and religiously."

William went out of the room rather sulkily. At first, he thought of giving notice to leave ; but then he considered that it would be difficult to get another situation. Besides, he knew very well that he could not be better off than he was, nor have a better and kinder master ; and his conscience smote him that he had not served him as faithfully as he ought. The serious light, too, in which his master had viewed his conduct made a great impression on him. At last, his good sense and better feelings prevailed ; and he came to the conclusion, that the best thing he could do would be, to attend more carefully to his business, get up earlier in the morning, and not stand with his hands in his pockets gossiping with every one who came into the stable-yard ; and above all, to cut the acquaintance of Ned Raikes, and one or two other idle fellows, with whom, though neither his master nor Mr. Hopkins knew it, he had been out more than once at night gambling at the public-house.

Full of these wise resolutions, William went

straight into the saddle-room, and took down the harness, which had certainly been put up very carelessly the day before, and began to clean it all over again. He had not long been engaged in this occupation, before he heard a low whistle ; and looking round, he saw Ned Raikes leaning with his hands over the wall.

“ Well, Bill,” said he, “ are you for the Goose and Vulture to-night ? there’ll be rare doings.”

However, William said with great resolution, “ No, I sha’n’t go to-night, nor to-morrow night neither ; in fact, I don’t intend to go there any more.”

Ned remonstrated, told him all the fine things which were going to happen ; and seeing that he could not tempt him in this way, he began laughing at him, calling him a mean-spirited, sneaking fellow. But William was firm ; his master’s admonition was fresh in his mind, and he had the grace to perceive that it would have been far more mean-spirited in him to have given up what he knew was right to such an idle rogue as Ned Raikes, than to abide by his own resolution. So he resisted the temptation, and thus probably was saved from ruin by the well-timed admonition of his master.

Disagreeable events like the foregoing will sometimes happen in the best-regulated families. But, generally speaking, Mr. Walton’s was the model of an orderly, well-conducted household ; each member of which knew his proper place, and performed his

duty, living in contentment and good-will towards the rest. It would indeed be a great blessing if all families lived as comfortably together as Mr. Walton's.

One of the peculiar features of the age and the country in which we live is, the extreme reserve which subsists between masters and servants. In ancient days it was not so. There was a respectful attachment on the one side, and a kind interest and good-will on the other. A situation in a family was a sort of life-interest : servants considered themselves in a manner identified with the family of which they were members.

But the modern servant's situation is but a yearly tenure, scarcely so much. Many servants are continually shifting their quarters, in the hope, as they say, of bettering themselves, and seeing the world. They have little regard for their masters and mistresses, and their masters and mistresses look upon them as mere machines. The master says to the servant, "Come, and he cometh ; do this, and he doeth it ;" but there is none of that lively interest which subsisted between the centurion and his sick servant, and induced him to go a good distance, and earnestly supplicate Jesus to come and heal him, when he lay at the point of death. If the servant does his work, and the master pays his wages, this seems to be considered all that is required. When the former is unable, from sickness or any other cause, to perform his office, he must make way

for another. The master takes little interest in his servant's worldly affairs, still less in his spiritual : their hearts are estranged from each other.

Hence we have masters continually complaining of the ingratitude of their servants, describing them as necessary evils, absolute nuisances ; and I have no doubt, if you could know the conversation which goes on in the servants' hall, you would hear similar compliments profusely lavished upon masters.

The truth is, there are faults, serious faults, on both sides. Servants are over-eager for high wages, liberty, amusement, and indulgence ; hence they become deceitful, and dishonest, and dissatisfied. Masters, on the other hand, are proud and selfish, or careless of their servants' real welfare. They live at the outside of their means ; and if a servant, from illness, is thrown upon their hands, they grudge the burden of his maintenance, and only think how soon they may rid themselves of him.

Such is too often, I fear, the case ; but it would be most unjust to say that there are not many exceptions. Many well-regulated families there are, no doubt, in which very different feelings subsist between the members, and where a kind spirit of cordiality and honest attachment is engendered by a long and well-principled intercourse. Such, in truth, was the state of Mr. Walton's family. The servants in that house really loved their master and mistress ; and, as they themselves honestly and truly said,

“ would go through fire and water to serve them.” Old Hopkins, the grey-headed butler, thought there was not such a man in England as his master : though in that, by the way, he was mistaken ;

“ We trust we have within the realm
Five hundred good as he.”

Had he said, there was not a *better* man, he would have been nearer the mark. The old housekeeper had been nurse in the family. She had reared up the young ladies from childhood, and positively doated on them. She could not have loved them more, had they been her own daughters ; and they, on their part, treated her with a kindness which cheered her old heart. On their birth-day she used to present them with a bouquet of flowers, and claim the privilege of a kiss, as she most sincerely wished them happiness. It was really quite an affecting sight. Her chief hope on this side the grave was to see them blessed with worthy husbands : though, by the way, it would have been no easy matter to find husbands whom old Dorothy would have thought good enough for her young mistresses.

Then there was Joseph, the boy who had lived in the family till he too was getting grey-headed. Jane, the housemaid, had married the year before, and they had got a new one.

In truth, it very rarely happened that Mr. Walton parted with a servant, unless under such circum-

stances. They lived too comfortably to suppose they could better themselves, and respected the family too much to desire a change.

Now, what was the cause of this satisfaction, which was so generally felt in Mr. Walton's family? Was it that he gave higher wages than other people? No; the wages which he gave were fair and liberal, but by no means excessive. Indeed, he thought it a bad example in masters to give more than the usual rate of wages—it only made other people's servants dissatisfied. Was it, then, that they had any peculiar indulgence? Were they allowed to keep what hours they pleased, and go out as often as they chose? No; Mrs. Walton was rather strict than otherwise, and not at all disposed to encourage the servants in revellings and junketings. Mr. Walton, too, was a very early riser, and of course his servants were obliged to rise early also; and he never allowed them to sit up late at night. What, then, was the cause of their satisfaction? In the first place, Mr. Walton was very particular indeed as to character, before he hired a new servant. (He thought more of their moral and religious character than of their proficiency in their business.) He would have been content with a somewhat awkward footman, if he was sure he was well-principled. And as he was himself very particular in this respect, so he made it a point of conscience to speak truly as to their character if they left him. To deceive another person in such a

matter, or indeed in any other, he looked on as dishonourable.

But the principal cause of the domestic comfort of Mr. Walton's family, and of the attachment which grew up between him and his servants was, because the servants saw that they were objects of interest to their master and mistress, that they had a regard both for their spiritual and temporal welfare. Every night and morning they met, and offered up prayers together. They knelt down as fellow-servants of one great Master, as fellow-heirs of immortality; brethren, for whom Christ died—members of one common Church. This was the true source of the feeling which existed in that family: they were knit together in the bond of holy union, as fellow-Christians and fellow-Churchmen. This is the secret of a happy family.

Without saying one word to excuse the bad conduct and ill habits of too many servants in the present day, I must say, that those masters have no right to complain who neglect the duty of family-worship. Let masters and mistresses do their duty, and things will gradually mend. It may be sadly uphill work at first. Indeed, I have known some who have taken the greatest possible pains with their servants,—have brought them up from childhood, and made them almost companions,—and yet have had the deep mortification to find them guilty of a long course of dishonest, unchaste, and deceitful

conduct. But a Christian master will not neglect his duty, however frequent his disappointments,—well knowing how much he himself owes to the long-suffering of Christ, and to the striving within his own heart of the Holy Spirit, to pardon his sin and to aid his infirmities.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. WALTON'S WORLDLY MAXIMS.

This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night does day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are few occupations more important or more responsible than that of a banker. Not only is his own interest and that of his family at stake, but the interest of many other persons, who have intrusted their property into his hands. And what is true of banking, is also true, more or less, of most other professions and employments. The Christian responsibilities of men of business are very great. It is so with the lawyer, the physician, the agent. In all these, sobriety, integrity, regularity, and attention, are duties which we owe to others as well as to ourselves.

Mr. Walton had several maxims respecting business which are worth recording. One principal point with him was *punctuality*. “*Always be punctual,*” said he; “without punctuality no man of business can do his duty.” It is not merely for his own convenience, but for the sake of those who trust him with their concerns, that a man of business must be

regular. In many affairs, punctuality will make up for the defect of more shining qualities. All men have not great talents; but all may be punctual. Activity is very desirable; but slow men may be punctual.

"Always answer your letters," said Mr. Walton, *"by return of post."* Two or three lines by return of post will be thought more of than as many pages a fortnight afterwards,—half of which are taken up with apologies for not having written sooner. This was the secret by which the Duke of Wellington got through so much business, both as commander-in-chief and as prime-minister; and surely no one need despise what so great a man practised.

Another rule of Mr. Walton's was, *to attend to the affairs of the poorest person as carefully as to those of the highest.* Ten pounds, he knew, was as important a sum to a poor man as ten thousand to many a rich one. True, it often involved him in trouble; but he considered it a point of Christian principle not to shrink from trouble when duty called him.

And Mr. Walton's was no mere worldly wisdom. Worldly wisdom may enable a man to secure a reputation for ability, and even for liberality and trustworthiness; but only Christian principle will prompt the man of business to perform those offices of charity and kindness which others would shrink from as irksome and unprofitable. It is much to the credit of medical men, that they almost universally bestow

much of their attention and gratuitous advice on the poor. At the same time, I have heard them accused of not being equally ready to give pecuniary relief. Lawyers, on the other hand, are more liberal with their money, but more chary of their time. I have no doubt, however, that there are many instances in which a true Christian spirit of self-denial will prompt the medical man to bestow his money, however hardly earned ; and the lawyer his time, however precious. How often will the medical man find his poor patient more in need of food than of medicine or advice ; more fit to receive relief than able to pay a fee ! How often is the little property of the orphan or the widow heavily taxed, if not entirely swallowed up, by the rapacious agent ; when an honest and charitable man of business might have given such advice and assistance as would have saved the sufferer from loss or ruin !

Another constant rule with Mr. Walton was, *to act in all matters of business as he would do if every man knew the whole transaction.* It will often happen, that advantages may be gained in business through the simplicity or ignorance of others, and no possible blame can attach to the person who avails himself of it, — at least in the eyes of the world. Still, in strict conscience, it may be his duty, as a Christian, to forego the advantage. The following story is told of a Liverpool merchant, who was a Quaker : (why Quakers should always be accused of sly tricks, I do not know ; they appear to be at least

as honest as persons of other sects : however, I can only repeat the story as it was told me). The Quaker sent word to his agent in London, a gentleman of the same persuasion with himself, that there was no occasion for him to insure a certain ship, for that *he had heard of it*. However, the agent, for his own private purposes, did not choose to attend to his employer's directions, but went immediately to the office and insured the ship, writing word back, that he regretted that the instruction had come too late, the insurance having been made that very day. "I am sorry for that," said the Quaker, very quietly, in his next letter, "for I had heard that the ship *was lost*."

Now, we laugh at stories like this ; but we ought not : "Fools [only] make a mock of sin." This deed, if true, was sinful rather than laughable. How many mercantile transactions are there that will not bear the light—at least the light of Christian truth ! How many which, though not tangible by the law, nay, countenanced by common practice, yet are ungodly, unchristian ! How many transactions are there which are laughed at as good jokes, but which are entirely contrary to the godly simplicity and holiness of the Christian character ! When the clever auctioneer, for instance, pretends that there is a sharp competition for the article which he is puffing off, and thanks persons in different parts of the room for their biddings, when, all the while, he is running up some unfortunate countryman, who is bidding against

himself; or again, when the shrewd and cautious purchaser makes, as it were, a chance-bidding, as if he cared little or nothing about it, when, all the while, he has set his whole mind on making the purchase;—all these things are but instances of conduct which is incompatible with a spirit sanctified by the Holy Ghost, unworthy of a soul redeemed of the Lord. Is a man, then, it will be asked, to lose the benefit which he might have gained in making an advantageous purchase? Unquestionably he should. It would be a dear bargain indeed, however small the sum he gave, if he sacrificed the slightest portion of Christian honesty. I do not hesitate to say that a *Christian must often submit to loss for the sake of principle*; he must forego the clever bargain and worldly advantage, and be content to see others obtain them. And I cannot but think that there are several trades and callings which it would be safer for the Christian, in the present state of the world, to avoid. Not but that some, which are supposed to involve a man in the necessity of having his wits about him, may be carried on respectably. There may be honest horse-dealers and honest auctioneers; yet it is also certain that these are occupations which are apt to lead men into practices and a line of conduct sadly inconsistent with Christian simplicity. If men did but use their wits to frustrate Satan, as they do to outwit and overreach each other, they would find their account both in present and future happiness. You shall see a shrewd fellow, whom it is

impossible to take in—one who is armed at all points against the world's attacks; but this man is a very fool in the hands of the devil. He knows not that Satan has snared him like a bird in the net, and is employing him as a decoy to do his work. Alas! a clever rogue is indeed a pitiable object—a fool outwitting himself, laughing inwardly as he saws away the branch on which he is sitting. Let the cleverest and most successful speculator only think, when he comes to be on his death-bed, what will be the value of all his gains, of which he can take nothing away with him; and surely the insignificance of worldly wealth—its mischief, when gained by questionable means, will be apparent to him. And, to take the lowest ground, roguery is unnecessary, even for the object for which it is employed. “Honesty is the best policy,” after all. So it certainly had proved in the instance of our Christian Citizen. By the blessing of God, Mr. Walton had obtained a handsome fortune, without resorting to one single act of a questionable nature. All his transactions were above-board, honest, and straightforward: and there are very few indeed, who, by the same course of upright, honest, and conscientious dealing, in their several stations, may not go and do likewise.

Our English Citizen was a proof of the truth of the maxim, *the most religious man is the best man of business*. Whatever he did, he did it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto man. He discharged the calls of business with a generous industry, employ-

ing his time and attention to the utmost for the interest of those who intrusted their affairs to his hands. He held out no delusive expectations, encouraged no extravagant ventures ; but, by system, good intelligence, and despatch, was enabled to calculate his measures well, and direct them to a successful issue. His friendly sincerity inspired confidence, and wealth flowed in without his seeking. It is true that he had talents for business—a natural shrewdness, quickened by long experience of men and things. But the spirit which carried him through all his difficulties (for, like every man of extensive business, he had had his difficulties), was, that he undertook even his mercantile and commercial negotiations as a service to God, in his appointed sphere of duty. And thus seeking his God in every work that he began, “ he did it with all his heart, and prospered.”





CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW CHARACTER—MR. WALTON CONVERSES WITH HIS FRIEND, MR. REUBEN RAFFLES, ON THE CHARACTER OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF GOVERNMENT.

Can they who flock to Freedom's shrine
 Themselves to me resign ?
 There lift the heaven-defying brow,
 And here in meekness bow !
 There to put on the soul aggrieved,
 And attitude their high deserts to claim ;
 Here kneel from their deserts to be relieved,
 Claim nothing but the cross and their own shame ?

Lyra Apostolica.

I AM not going to tell my readers whether our English Citizen was a Whig, Radical, or Tory ; party-

names are invidious. I will just mention the principles on which he acted, and the conduct which he pursued, and then they will be able to form their own judgment.

Like most other persons at his time of life, Mr. Walton took a great deal of interest about politics. He thought the times were serious, and that it behoved all good men to know what was the real state of things, and act up to their principles.

Mr. Walton had an old friend, by name Mr. Reuben Raffles, a person of very different principles and character from himself. Mr. Reuben Raffles had retired, some years before, from a laborious business, and, having his time thrown upon his hands, had naturally taken to read newspapers. While he had been engaged in making money in his business, he had no time for politics, and troubled his head very little about them. In fact, no one very clearly knew whether he was Conservative or Liberal, for he talked and voted sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. Unhappily for himself and for his country, when the scales were pretty evenly balanced, and his time was rather heavy on his hands, Mr. Raffles took for his guide and counsellor a certain liberal newspaper; from the pages of which he now began, morning after morning, to imbibe Liberalism as regularly as he took his tea and muffins. It was about this time that the liberal people of the county formed the spirited scheme of starting a journal of their own, in order, as they said, to open the eyes of their neigh-

bours. The printing-establishment was set up at Churchover; and Mr. Reuben Raffles was "over-persuaded," as he has since often confessed, to be a partner in the scheme. So that now it became his interest, as well as his inclination, to uphold the side which he had espoused; the value of his property in the paper being at stake. One mode of supporting the concern was by writing letters to the editor, signed *Philo-Veritas*, *Anti-Mendax*, or some other fine name; which proved at once his knowledge of both the dead languages, and also answered the end of puffing the paper; for one-half at least of each letter was taken up with eulogiums on the "liberality, impartiality, and talent with which the paper was conducted," which, as coming from a stranger, had the appearance of sincere approbation. Fortunately for Mr. Raffles, and the other proprietors of the paper, they had engaged an editor, who, whatever might be his other recommendations, could at least write English with tolerable accuracy; and he had, it must be confessed, a hard task in preparing his patrons' communications in a presentable form, and then puffing them off in the leading article, by requesting the readers' attention to the letter of their "highly respectable and talented correspondent."

It may be wondered how our Christian Citizen came to be on such intimate terms as he was with a man whose political views, and vain, unstable character, were so little in accordance with his own. The truth was, that Reuben was the last survivor of his

companions at the grammar-school. Old friendships and associations will always retain a powerful influence on minds like that of Mr. Walton. He had long tolerated his old friend as a harmless, though somewhat silly old man ; and now, even when he had become mischievous and conceited, he could not bring himself to be unkind to him. In fact, poor Mr. Raffles' political delinquency was the fault of the head rather than of the heart ; and his good friend perceiving his foible, hoped that he would one day come round again : and Mr. Reuben Raffles continued to be received with almost as cordial a welcome as before.

Mr. Raffles' conversation was full of scraps of nonsense, culled from the leading articles of his newspaper. He had a number of wise saws about " the march of intellect, stride of the human mind, knowledge of the nineteenth century, bigotry, prejudice, priestcraft, intolerance." He could prove, beyond a question, that Englishmen were the most free and most enlightened nation in the world ; and the next moment would argue, with equal force, that they were slaves and idiots, and that our poor, oppressed, impoverished country could never prosper until the Reformers had the government in their hands. Then he was always haranguing about civil and religious liberty, freedom of conscience, and political rights.

" You may talk of political rights," said his friend ; " but I confess that I regard them rather in the light of most important responsibilities. Living under a free government, as we do, and with the

privilege of openly expressing our opinions, and giving our voice for the laws, we are, as it appears to me, intrusted with so many additional talents, for which we shall have to render an account before God at the last day, and which will then be found to be blessings or curses, accordingly as we have used them to God's glory, or abused them to our own vanity or self-interest; and especially those amongst us who are possessed of influence or talent—"

Mr. Raffles winced a little at this remark; for, as proprietor of the *Churchover Observer*, and occasional contributor, he had a great notion of his *talent* and *influence*; and his conscience rather smote him, that some of the opinions advocated in that paper were not altogether conducive to God's glory.

However, he observed, "that he considered politics and religion to be two separate things; and that a man was at perfect liberty to adopt any side of politics which he chose."

"I cannot at all agree with you," said Mr. Walton, "in that respect: the advancement of true religion and godliness, the extension of Christ's Church and kingdom amongst men, should be the grand object of all human policy."

Mr. Raffles, however, had been reading, that very morning, some mischievous and sophistical periodical, and thought that, for once, he could beat his friend in argument; so he said, very confidently and dogmatically,—

“The object of government is one thing, the object of the Church is another; the duty of the state is to protect the lives and property of its subjects, the duty of religion is to teach men what is conducive to their souls’ health: therefore, since their objects are different, there ought to be no union or alliance between them.”

MR. WALTON. “Do you not see, my good friend, that you are begging the whole question? You are assuming that the duty of the state is *only* to protect life and property, which I distinctly deny. Suppose, however, for a moment, that it were so, still, even for the furtherance of that object, the state would act most wisely by allying itself with the Church. (I can conceive no mode of preserving life and property so efficacious as making men good Christians.) If all men were good Christians, life and property would be perfectly safe: and in proportion as you infuse the influence of religion into the community, so will you preserve peace and order. Therefore, if it be from mere policy, the state would do well to promote religion by allying itself with the Church.

“But this is placing the question on very low ground; for I deny altogether that the only business of government is to protect life and property. What is the prayer which we are directed to offer up to God every day during the session of Parliament? ‘Most gracious God, we humbly beseech thee, that thou wouldest be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations (not only to the preservation of

life and property, but) *to the advancement of thy glory, the good of thy Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign, and her dominions.*' It is a very low and narrow view indeed to suppose that the only duty of a Christian government is to provide for the temporal welfare of its subjects, or, in fact, that it can do so efficiently, if it neglects their moral and spiritual condition. No Christian government has ever existed which acted on so low and false a principle. Even heathen governments have considered themselves bound to provide for the religious welfare of their people; and have felt that in so doing, they were most effectually securing their own stability."

Here Mr. Walton took down an old black-letter volume, which was a translation of *The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour, and Eloquent Orator.*

"Listen," said he, "to the advice of a dying monarch to his son: '*I have shewed, lyke a father, the thyng that toucheth thy welth, now I will shew thee what thou oughtest to dooe after my death, for my service. Those thynges that I have loved in my lyfe, if thou wilt be sonne to thy father, esteme after my death. Fyrst, my sonne, I recommend to thee the worshipping of the temples, and the reverence of the priests, with the honour of the goddis. So long shall the honour of the Romains last, as they persevere in the service of the goddis. The realm of the Carthaginens perished, not because they were not so rich, or*

more cowarδες than the Romaines, but because they loved their treasures to much, and were but yll worshippers and lovers of the temples.'

"These are just and noble sentiments; and if religion, corrupt as it then was, by instilling a reverence for holy things, and a consciousness of God's presence and providence, was thus productive, as there can be no doubt it really was, of great strength and stability to the Roman state, how much more shall God's true Church protect and preserve the people by whom it is cherished? Let not a Christian government, in the nineteenth century, be the first to separate religion from its policy. Woe be to that nation which adopts so atheistical, antichristian a dogma!

"And with regard to different parties in the state, it is because it appears to me quite evident that the measures of the liberals tend directly to the subversion of the Church, and the discountenancing and destruction of true religion, that I entirely disapprove and shrink from them; and it is because, generally speaking, the policy of the other party tends to the maintenance and furtherance of religion, that I feel myself bound to support them. If the latter took a more decided line of policy than they do, with reference to the interests of the Church, it is my firm opinion that they would find their hands much strengthened by the increased zeal and hearty support of conscientious Churchmen, as well as by the blessing of God."

Mr. Raffles did not make any direct reply to his friend's observations. He was silenced, if not convinced.

"I do not remember," said he, going off to a collateral subject, "to have read in the Bible any express command with respect to the particular form of government which Christians ought to adopt."

"True," answered Mr. Walton, "there is no precept or injunction given in holy Scripture as to whether we ought to have a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy. *There are, however, strict injunctions to submit to the powers that be*; and this I hold to be a Christian's rule. I have myself lived under all sorts of government, and have always considered it my duty to obey. At Trieste I lived under the Austrian government."

MR. RAFFLES. "Ah! that is an absolute despotism. How did you manage to escape the bastille or the scaffold?"

MR. WALTON. "Simply by living quietly, and minding my own business. The government never interfered with me, nor I with them. I am not at all disposed, mind you, to advocate the Austrian, or any other despotic government, but rather bless God that I live under the English constitution. Once I resided for three years at New York, in America."

MR. RAFFLES. "There you saw what liberty really is."

"I did indeed," said Mr. Walton, smiling; "but not exactly in the sense in which you imagine. I

was acquainted with many of the principal inhabitants, and found them heartily sick of their republican government, and complaining bitterly of the restraint under which they lived ; and I confess that, from what I saw, I am most truly thankful that England is not a republic. (There is a control exercised by the many over the few, which is quite as tyrannical as Austrian despotism ; and far more galling, because it wears the garb of liberty.) I would rather be the slave of one man than of a million. In America the minority are perfectly tongue-tied. For instance, on the great question of slavery (for of course you are aware that a sixth part of the population in America are slaves—actual slaves, bought and sold for money, like beasts in the market ; and this in a country which boasts of its liberty !)—many good men, however, reprobate the system ; and, no doubt, if they were allowed free expression of their sentiments, the monstrous injustice would soon be acknowledged, and remedied, as it has been in our own colonies. But, such is the tyranny exercised by the majority, that it is not safe for a man to advocate the cause of the slaves ; he would be liable to the greatest indignities, or even assassination. This is what they call Lynch law, that is, the mob taking the law into their own hands. And it is the same with regard to other subjects. Many Americans admire our constitution ; but if they were to endeavour to promulgate their opinion, the country would soon be too hot for them. A newspaper advocating emancipation of the slaves,

or English monarchical principles, would be violently put down, and the editor's house burned over his head."

Mr. Raffles opened his eyes at this information. To put down tory papers would not have appeared to him so objectionable; but to oppress a liberal journal, which denounced slavery, was indeed passing strange.

"In short," continued Mr. Walton, "whatever the majority choose to take into their heads, that is law; and it is treason to hold or to promulgate contrary opinions: so that, in spite of their boasted liberty, there is less freedom in America than in European countries, let alone the black spot of slavery; and such will always be the case in a democracy. Another thing which I particularly disliked in America, was the continual bustle of elections, constant canvassing and squabbling, society broken up into parties, and no interval allowed for them to settle down into peace and quietness. The use of government, as it appears to me, is not to keep people always in hot water, but that we may 'lead godly lives in all quietness and honesty.'"

"I confess," said Mr. Hammond, taking up the religious view of the question, for which an opening presented itself, "a monarchy appears to me far more in accordance with the general tenour of holy Scripture than a democracy. The kingly government is handed down to us from the patriarchal times, when the father of a family was acknowledged

as its chief; it is every where sanctioned by the word of God as lawful; and it appears most conducive to individual holiness. There seems to me in a republic something very unfavourable to the development of the Christian character. It nurtures an arrogant, independent, suspicious spirit, quite different from that which is set forth in the Gospel. Monarchy, on the other hand, promotes submission to the law, obedience to command, loyalty, and faithfulness. Republicanism is always insisting on its rights; monarchy suggests the idea of duties."

"If the choice lay between absolute monarchy and republicanism," said Mr. Walton, "I confess that, from what I have observed of the two governments, I should greatly prefer the former. But we have to thank God for having placed our lot under a government which unites the advantages of all. It is also clear, that the aristocracy which exists in England, accessible as it is to all classes, has a direct and powerful tendency to raise the standard of national civilisation, and to maintain principles of high honour and excellence. (The depression of our aristocracy would be almost as great an evil as the overthrow of the monarchy.) And, after all, what can the most ardent admirer of liberty complain of under the English constitution? Is there any thing which any man may not do or say, provided it does not injure his neighbour? Can the sovereign or the nobleman oppress the poorest man in the land? Are not the poor man's rights as much protected as

those of the greatest and wealthiest? Where shall we find so admirable a system of judicature as in England? Defects, no doubt, there are; but let us be very careful, lest, in removing them, we break in upon a constitution which has made us, under God's blessing, the greatest people on the earth. *Any successful attempt at a forcible alteration of our constitution must end in revolution.*"

"Oh!" said Mr. Raffles, "don't talk about revolution; that is a mere bugbear to frighten old women."

"Beware," said Mr. Walton, with serious earnestness, "how you speak lightly of revolutions. *Bless God that you know not what revolutions are, and pray that you may not live to see.*"

Here Mr. Walton paused, and looked as he usually did when preparing for one of his disquisitions. His friends, who knew his manner, and had learned to listen with habitual respect to his opinions, did not interrupt him, when he began as follows:—



CHAPTER XV.

MR. WALTON EXPLAINS TO MR. RAFFLES THE NATURE OF
REVOLUTIONS, OF WHICH THE LATTER WAS NOT AT ALL
AWARE.

Lo, the giant Frenzy,
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm,
Mocketh high Heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits
Nursing th' impatient earthquake!

COLERIDGE.

I REMEMBER, when I was a boy, a good deal used to be said about the bloody French revolution. My father, and other middle-aged men, who were old enough to judge of that political convulsion, would speak of it with a mixture of horror and disgust, and often warn their young hearers to "fear God and honour the king," if they hoped to save their own country from a like calamity. But the feeling seems now very much to have died away. The great political changes which then took place are matter of history; but the horrible details, which made one's young blood run cold, are forgotten. It is not good that it should be so. They were given to us as solemn warnings. We are not wise, if we neglect them. We ought at least to know and feel what revolutions really are.

Now revolutions are of various degrees of intensity and violence, depending on a thousand unforeseen circumstances ; but chiefly on the relative condition of the parties. Where all the strength is on one side, a revolution will sometimes take place without great violence, or the struggle will be brief. So it was in this country in the year 1688,—though, perhaps, it is scarcely right to call the change of dynasty which then took place a revolution. James II. wanted to set up popery in England ; the people would not hear of it : so the king was forced to abdicate, or leave the throne, which he did quietly, and took himself off one night to France. I do not mean to say that either the king or the people acted properly on this occasion ; I only state that the revolution was effected in England in this comparatively quiet way. It must not, however, be forgotten, that though it passed off quietly in England, it was accompanied by a murderous civil war in Ireland, where King James's party was stronger.

The last French revolution was of the same sudden character as the English revolution of 1688 : there were *only* three days' hard fighting in the streets of Paris, and *not more than* three or four thousand men, women, and children, were killed ; and the thing was over,—for the time at least. How soon they may begin again, no one can say : when a country once gets unsettled, it is liable, long afterwards, to continual outbreaks. The *émeutes* which even now break out continually in Paris, accompanied by the

violent death of hundreds of people, are the after-symptoms of these former revolutions.

On the other hand, when parties are pretty equally balanced, as they are at the present moment in Spain, and here in England, then a revolution is of necessity accompanied by a violent and protracted struggle, and a nation has to go through many years of suffering before it rights itself. Indeed, it almost invariably happens that it does not right itself at all, without the power being thrown into the hands of some military despot, as Cromwell, or Napoleon.

It is very plain that if a revolution, or, as it is now the fashion to call it, an "organic change," or a "new charter," were to be attempted by violence in England, the greatest probability is, that we should have to go through a ten years' civil war, which, in a very densely peopled country like this, would be accompanied by universal bankruptcy, starvation, massacres, and miseries greater probably than any which the world has witnessed since the siege and destruction of Jerusalem; where, according to the divine decree, human suffering reached its highest pitch of horror. People are not aware what a revolution really is, or they would not talk of it as a "bugbear to frighten old women." They are either very designing people, or strangely misinformed, who use this language. I know that it is the common opinion, that the worst sort of revolution—a bloody revolution—is something of this kind:—that the people rise in masses, drive out the aris-

tocracy, the gentry, and the clergy, and step very comfortably into their places. A greater mistake never was made. So far from the rich being the only sufferers, they often come off the best. Many of them send their money abroad, and invest it in foreign securities; and when violent times begin, they get out of the country as fast as they can. The chief sufferers are the middle and poorer classes, who are forced to stay behind.

I do not say this without good authority; and in order to prove it, will just set down some extracts from the official list of persons condemned (*Liste général des Condamnées*) by the revolutionary tribunal at Paris.

In the month of July 1794 there perished by the guillotine, in Paris alone, 835 men and women, or more than 30 a day, for the guillotine *did not work* on decades, that is, every tenth day, which was their day of rest. *Observe—this infatuated people had abolished the Lord's day*; which accounts for their doings and sufferings. (Man without religion is worse than a wild beast.) The French, from being a good-natured, civil people, were turned by their revolution into tigers or fiends. Why, the very women used to go and take their needlework, and sit in chairs round the guillotine while it was working, and laugh to see the blood spout from the necks of the victims; and they would dance round the waggons in which the poor sufferers were brought in batches (as they called them) of from twenty to fifty at a time.

And who, do you think, were these poor people, who, day after day, for months and years, were murdered wholesale? You think, perhaps, they were aristocrats and priests. No such thing. I will set down some of their names, taken from the official lists.

“Jean Baptiste Henri, aged *eighteen*, journeyman tailor, convicted of having sawn a tree of liberty, condemned and executed.

“James Duchesne, aged 60, formerly a servant, since a broker; John Savage, aged 34, gunsmith; Frances Lozelier, aged 47, *milliner*; Melanie Canosse, aged 21, *milliner*; Mary Magdalene Virolle, aged 25, *female hair-dresser*, convicted of having, in the city of Paris, where they resided, composed writings, stuck bills, uttered cries,—condemned to death, and executed the same day.

“John Julian, waggoner, having been sentenced to twelve years’ hard labour, took it into his head to cry out *Vive le Roi* (God save the King), was brought back before the tribunal, and condemned to death.

“Harriette Frances Marbœuf, aged 55, convicted of *hoping for* the arrival of the Austrians and Prussians, and of keeping provisions for them, was condemned to death, and executed the same day.

“Geneviève Gouvan, aged *seventy-seven*, sempstress, convicted of having been the author and accomplice of various conspiracies, tending to create civil war! to paralyse the public!! and to annih-

late the existing government!!! (*a sempstress, aged seventy-seven, who did all this!*) condemned to death, and executed the same day.

“ Francis Bertrand, aged 37, tinman and publican, convicted of having furnished the defenders of the country *with sour wine*, injurious to the health of the citizens, condemned to death, and executed the same day.

Lastly, Marie Angelica Plaisant, *sempstress* at Douai, convicted of having exclaimed, that she was an aristocrat, and ‘ a fig for the nation!’ condemned to death at Paris, and executed the same day.”*

All these, and thousands, ay, tens of thousands

* See *Quarterly Review*, liv. 566. The following is from Alison's *History of Europe* :—

‘ Account of the victims of the French Revolution, from the statements of the republican Prudhomme.

Nobles	1,278
Noble women	750
Wives of labourers and artisans	1,467
Religieuses	350
Priests	1,135
Common persons (not noble)	13,623
Guillotined by sentence of revolutionary tribunal	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth	3,400
In childbirth from grief	348
Women killed in La Vendée	15,000
Children killed in La Vendée	22,000
Men killed in La Vendée	900,000
Carry forward	959,351

more, not only in Paris, but in every town almost in the country, were put to death by these revolutionary tribunals; besides the unascertained numbers who were drowned, shot, hanged on lamp-posts, and otherwise murdered by mobs. And it is a well-known fact, from the official documents, that by far the majority of these were of the inferior or middle ranks in society. No class suffered more than bakers, and *aubergistes*, or public-house keepers and victuallers

Brought forward	959,351
Victims under Carriere at Nantes	32,000
Of whom were children shot	500
Children drowned	1,500
Women shot	264
Women drowned	500
Priests shot	300
Priests drowned	460
Nobles drowned	1,400
Artisans drowned	5,300
Victims at Lyons	31,000
Total	<u>1,022,351</u>

“It is, in an especial manner, remarkable in this dismal catalogue how large a proportion of the victims of the revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2,413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000. The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2,160, while the infants drowned and shot are 2,000, the women 764, and the artisans 5,300! So rapidly, in revolutionary convulsions, does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so wide-spread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared to that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors.”

in general ; for the people in the towns being famished, attacked the shops where food was to be had, and plundered them, and put the owners to death as a matter of course, if they attempted to defend their property.

Another feature in the French revolution, and one which naturally occurs in all revolutions, is, that the chief sufferers are men of neutral or moderate principles. Those of decidedly aristocratic principles, knowing that there was no safety for them but in flight, emigrated in shoals, when all hope of stopping the revolution was past. Not fewer than 80,000 are stated to have left the country. But the moderate liberals remained behind, fancying that their principles would save them from molestation ; but they were sadly mistaken. They were soon branded by the name of aristocrats ; and were either obliged, by sheer terror, to mix themselves up with the crimes and fury of the revolutionists, or else perished by thousands through mob-violence or the guillotine. *It is quite a mistake to suppose that moderate men can keep their heads above water in a revolution.*

Whilst these scenes were taking place, and the revolution was slaying its thousands in every other part of France, there was one province where the scene, though not less horrible, was somewhat different ; this was La Vendée. La Vendée is an enclosed country like England, and well adapted, on that account, to defence. The landowners and farmers determined to resist the democrats of the towns,

and did so with various success. They destroyed many troops which were sent against them, and though they suffered and inflicted horrible miseries, were never wholly subdued. The same sort of dreadful work has been going on for several years in Spain, where the towns-people and country-people are still engaged in civil war. Of this protracted nature I imagine a revolution in England would be. The English gentry are high-spirited and brave, and would not yield their rights and their property without a struggle. We should have a long and horrible civil war, accompanied by all the violent passions and exasperation of men struggling for life and death. *Let no one, therefore, think lightly of a revolution.* All the turbulent elements of insubordination are fermenting amongst us ; and if it does come, it will be one which will make the ears of after-generations tingle.

Blessed as we have been so long with domestic peace, we can hardly conceive ourselves placed under a different state of things. But let us endeavour to picture to ourselves the circumstances which attend the breaking out and progress of a revolution. We have had a specimen of its beginning in the affair at Bristol in 1832.* Men's minds become inflamed by high political excitement, in opposition to a public functionary ; they succeed by violence in driving him from the town : but this is not enough for them. They turn their fury against his friends, and attack

* And more recently (since writing this) at Birmingham.

their houses : the bishop's palace is amongst the first to suffer ; and this on the Lord's day. Then they plunder the house of a respectable inhabitant in Queen Square, who, for some reason, was obnoxious to them ; and then they attack the next—*merely because it happens to be the next*—though a boarding-school of inoffensive females ; and so they go on, with indiscriminate fury, burning and destroying, from the mere excitement of uncontrolled ferocity. I talked to a gentleman who had witnessed the dreadful scene : he told me that the number of the mob who perished while drunk in the cellars of the burning houses, was incredible. He was in Queen Square the day after the riot was suppressed, and, observing something black lying in a corner of the smoking ruins, he turned it over with his stick, and found, to his horror, that it was a human trunk—the arms and legs having been burned off ! However, this Bristol riot was but an inconsiderable affair. Suppose that it had not been quelled—suppose it had gone on to other towns, as no doubt it would, if it had not been put down at Bristol. The immediate consequence of popular insurrection is, that all business is suspended, and the great body of artisans are poured forth into the streets without work or wages : then, of course, famine begins ; men cannot live without wages ; all the bakers' and victuallers' houses are plundered ; but provisions soon fail, and the country-people will not bring in supplies to the market, where they will probably be

robbed. The famished towns-people go out in bands to collect provisions in the country, and are either cut off by the yeomanry and soldiers, or else plunder every farm and country-house they come to, and murder all who oppose them.

Then comes the horrible state of things which exists when law is disregarded, and might is right. The glare of midnight-fires—the distant shot—the sound of horse-hoofs breaking the hours of silence—soldiers and armed bands hurrying to and fro—such are the dreadful accompaniments of a state of revolution. What a picture is described by the poet—

——“Heap wood upon the fire :

Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round,
And be the prattling voice of children heard.
Now let us make good cheer.—But what is this ?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
A form, that midmost in the circle sits
Half visible ; his face deformed with scars
And foul with blood ? Oh yes, I know it—there
Sits DANGER with his feet upon the hearth.”

Oh what a heavy, sorrowful thing to live in continual *danger* ! When the peaceful fireside is rendered gloomy by fear, when the merry game of the children is hushed, the silent tears chase each other down the mother's cheek, the stern resolve sits on the father's brow, the arms are burnished and loaded, the doors bolted and barred, the barking of the house-dog, or the sighing of the wind, seems to tell of a band of ruthless assassins prowling around like beasts of prey.

There is another dreadful visitant in troublous times, closely allied with the former, and this is *treachery*. You are not confident even of the members of your own household ; you are not sure whether the man who eats your daily bread, and kneels with you in daily prayer, may not be your secret enemy, registering your words and deeds, that he may betray you to destruction.

All these bitter things come with revolutions and civil wars. But there are worse even than these : there is the fearful struggle in your own breast between conflicting duties—between public principle and private ties. Honour, duty, inclination, bid you join the loyal band of those who still fight for the laws. Your spirit stirs within you, and urges you to mount your horse, with pistols in your holster, and sword girded on your thigh. You would at once willingly sacrifice your own life in the cause of honour and patriotism ; but you leave behind you a beloved wife and children a certain prey to miscreants, to whom your departure would be a signal for assault and vengeance.

Nor is even this the worst. The violence of man can but kill the body ; and if you sacrifice your life in the performance of your duty, and in the faith of Christ, you need not fear. But times of violence bring with them fearful trials of the spirit. There is the temptation to cowardice and dereliction to duty. There is the inducement to join in the cry of vengeance and violence ; you are tempted to go all

lengths with the party you espouse, or in danger of being esteemed a false friend. You are driven on to horrible crimes of fierce revenge and retaliation, of which, if you had been accused before, you would have said with Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do these things?"

Such is the picture of revolution—such it was in France and in Ireland—such it is now in Spain, and, if God have not spared them, in Canada; and such, if God in his great mercy preserve us not,—*such may it be here.*

I have read and heard much, and have seen something of revolution and popular rebellion. I was myself on a visit to Ireland in the year '98, when the great rebellion broke out. The house in which I was staying was attacked at midnight; providentially we had been informed of the intention of the rebels, and by the aid of a few soldiers who were quartered in the house, we drove them off. Another family, a very few miles distant, were not so well prepared. The rebels set fire to the house; and every inmate, old as well as young (and there was a large family of children), were either burnt alive, or shot as they attempted to escape. I remember talking once with an old soldier who had helped to put down that rebellion with the bayonet and halter. He told me that the soldiers were ordered to hang the rebels—or *croppies*, as they termed them—by scores. "Was it not a horrible task," said I, "to be the executioner of so many helpless creatures?"

I shall never forget the old soldier's look ; he was an honest and humane man, and shuddered at the recollection ; " Sir," said he, " we did not hang them ourselves ; *we made the croppies hang each other.*"

Mr. Walton paused ; but his friend made no answer. He was too much awe-struck by the description given ; and he felt that if a revolution took place in England, he and others like him, who had pandered to the evil passions of the people, would have a fearful load of guilt to answer for.



CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER REMARKS ON THE NATURE OF REVOLUTION, AND
ON THE MEANS, THROUGH GOD'S MERCY, OF PREVENT-
ING IT.

Wild thoughts within, bad men without,
All evil spirits round about,
Are blended in unblest device
To spoil Love's earthly paradise.

Then draw we nearer, day by day,
Each to his brother, all to God ;
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road.

KEBLE.

IN England, at the present time (continued Mr. Walton), Satan is evidently doing his worst to bring about a revolution ; and many conspiring causes are tending to the same result. God alone, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, can save us from this tremendous calamity. It is as much an ordinance and decree of Divine Providence that the millions should be ruled by the few, as that a herd of oxen should submit to be driven by a child ; they have the power, at any time, to turn and rend us, but God places an invisible restraint upon them. He controls the wills and affections of sinful men, until the measure of a people's guilt is full ; then he withdraws his hand, and suffers the flood of human

passion to take its turbulent course of ruin and devastation.

Popular revolution is the bursting forth of the brute force of a nation—the powers of hell gaining the mastery over divine and human law. A rebellious people are always in the wrong; they disobey the commands of God, frustrate their own object, and bring on themselves numberless evils. I do not mean to say that, in most instances of revolution, rulers have not generally been to blame, as well as their subjects. (*Still, the wrongfulness of rulers does not excuse the people's sin, nor save them from its dreadful consequences.*) Supposing, for instance, that Charles I. entertained a mistaken notion of his right, and stretched his prerogative too far; still, looking calmly back, as we now may, at the history of those times, can we not at once discern that the rebellion which ensued was entirely sinful and gratuitous? Had the popular leaders of the day, instead of urging the nation to rebellion, contented themselves with calm protests and legal remonstrances; and, still more, had the Parliament, and those who took their side, prayed earnestly to God to direct and govern the heart of their king, as well as their own hearts; had they acted with religious calmness instead of yielding to ungodly passions,—the nation would have been spared the horrors of a civil war, the tyranny of Cromwell, the overthrow of the Church, and would have advanced in the same period to a far better condition than it had attained at the time of

the Restoration. So might France, but for her crimes and her revolutions, have arrived by this time at a degree of civilisation and enlightenment, which at present she has no prospect of attaining. She seems by her very impatience to have morally disabled herself from the enjoyment of true and rational freedom.

And so with regard to England at the present time. If she would remain obedient to her laws, and curb her factious spirit, she may advance prosperously onward, continually adapting her institutions to the exigencies which may arise; always conservative of what is good, yet always reforming what needs amendment. But if violent men gain the ascendant, and law and religion be set at nought, we shall be flung back a century at least in civilisation, and forfeit our place in the scale of nations.

The great and imminent danger to England arises from the mass of ungodliness which has grown up amongst her population; and which is liable, at any time, to burst its barriers, and bear down all restraint. It is like a mass of tow, which may be kindled by any sudden spark, and spread devastation around. Nor are there wanting agents to inflame it. We may hope that there are very few persons indeed of any influence or consideration, who really desire a revolution; few indeed would not shudder at the thought; *but there are some*, lurking, like tigers, in the brake—embryo Couthons and Robespierres—who even now gloat over their victims.

There are some of this description, men of talent, though of broken fortune, besides the utterly demoralised ruffians who would be their willing agents, ready for plunder and rapine. But these, it is to be hoped, are but few in number, and their time for action is not yet come. God grant it never may!

The men who are now most active in hastening on a revolution are vain ambitious persons, of some quickness and readiness of speech; men who love notoriety, and feel their vanity gratified by the applause of a gaping mob; who mix in politics from sheer restlessness and love of excitement, until gradually their minds become assimilated to the food on which they live, and their passions worked up almost to ferocity by partisanship. Some of them are not deficient in ability; but the vast majority are men whose only merit is, that they have a ready tongue, without a head or heart capable of directing it. Another class who do much mischief are certain weak persons, high in station, who are pleased with the *éclat* of being called "liberal." Others there are, proud and sullen men, whose self-love has met with some rebuke, and who prefer being leaders amongst a mob of their inferiors, to occupying their just position in the social system. "Better," they think with Satan,

"To rule in hell than serve in heaven:"

better to give the law to their little knot of admirers, than to find their true level amongst men of influence and ability.

Again, there are commercial men of wealth and consideration, who, finding themselves inferior in rank to the old aristocracy, would madly risk just so much of disturbance as would abolish hereditary distinction, vainly hoping that wealth might be preserved when other privileges were lost. It would be unjust, however, to the mercantile and commercial class to suppose that all, or the generality of them, are of this description. The greater number of wealthy capitalists have become aware, that their only hope of safety consists in preserving the existing order and peace of society. Neither the aristocracy nor the monarchy can be abolished, except by entirely breaking up the social system.

Nor are these characters to be met with only in the great world; but every town and village contains some one or more who will come under the foregoing classes, and are looked on by the lower orders as the leaders of the movement.

But, lastly, the most immediately dangerous persons, without whom the former would be powerless, are those statesmen who raise themselves to power on the shoulders of democracy, just encouraging it so far as will suit their purpose, and place the reins of government in their hands; vainly hoping that they can close the flood-gates against the tide which they have suffered to obtain an entrance. The obvious question now is, whether these men are the tools of the democrats, or the democrats *their* tools, in pulling down the social constitution.

(An extraordinary feature of the present time is, the vast variety of elements of which the movement is composed. Popery joined with sectarianism in unholy alliance;—free-thinking with bigotry;—pride of reason and superstition;—arrogance and servility;—wealth and poverty;—nay, villany and honesty (for it cannot be denied that many sincere, though mistaken and wrongheaded, persons have joined in the phrenzy of the age);—all these are banded together to destroy a system which has made England the greatest, the wealthiest, and the most powerful nation in the world.)

Against this motley force is arrayed the power of Conservatism,—a power of vast strength, but of doubtful character and influence, and composed of various ingredients. One principal element of Conservatism is the *vis inertiae* of the nation—the refusal of a great social system like ours to move from its position: the rooted opinions, fixed habits and prejudices (if you please to call them so) of a great people, which constitute their very character and individuality. England is in this sense, happily for herself, the most prejudiced nation in the world;—in other words, she has more of distinct nationality than any other. Then there is the instinct of self-preservation, the fear of anarchy, the love of ease and comfort, the natural impulse to save life and property; which any great and violent change of the social system must of necessity endanger. But these are unsound principles, based on no moral founda-

tion, and therefore not to be relied on. Let troublous times arise, and the same instinct of self-preservation which now impels men to resist the monster of democracy, while they may with safety do so, would then lead many to crouch and yield to it. How many men amongst the middle classes in our towns are even now democrats from motives of fear and self-interest! And the mighty fabric of our social system, which now by its inert weight resists the movement, would, if it were once impelled, spread around the greater ruin by the vastness of its fall. Let us hope, however, that we still have amongst us high and noble feelings of reverence for ancient principles. Attachment to the institutions of our forefathers, loyalty to the sovereign, and a regard for the laws, have always been a conspicuous portion of the English character. And though for a while such feelings and principles have been scoffed at, and the idol of liberalism has been worshipped, yet let us hope that they are again beginning to assert their influence over the national mind; and, what is almost equally important, are beginning to be avowed. Men have been tongue-tied by a cowardly submission to the arrogant claims of liberalism, instead of denouncing it as a cheat and imposture. It is time for the advocates of truth boldly to stand forward, if they would be respected, or even safe.

Still, if these were all the safeguards we had to rely on, I fear they would scarcely avail to stay the

progress of revolution. But we have, God be praised, ranged on our side the mighty and holy influence of his Church, ramifying throughout the various degrees of society, diffusing principles of truth, and exerting a moral force which is our real strength and safety. I say, the influence of *the Church*, and not the influence of *religion* (so called); because it is manifest that whatsoever power Dissent possesses is ranged mainly on the opposite side. Dissent, under the assumed mask of religion, fosters the arrogant self-willed disposition of the human mind, and throws its weight now, as formerly, into the scale of revolution. It is the Church which trains in her bosom whatsoever is obedient and reverential,—whatsoever is loyal and true,—whatsoever is brave and devoted. And it is to these principles, and to men imbued with these virtues, that we must look, under God's providence, for the preservation of our country. It is the influence of the Church of Christ amongst us, which is our only real safeguard. It is her prayers and exertions which have hitherto averted God's wrath. Worldly men may dwell on secondary causes, and trust to other means of preservation; but the humble Christian, who fixes his eye on realities and abiding influences, is aware that it is to the prayers of Christian congregations ascending before the throne of grace,—to the supplications of Christian families,—nay, to the petitions, perhaps, of some few solitary servants of God here and there throughout the land,

presented by the great Intercessor before the throne of grace,—that we must ascribe whatsoever favour God has hitherto been pleased to shew us.

It may be also that God desires to promote the extension of his kingdom, through the instrumentality of our Church and nation, and therefore preserves us from ruin. It may be for this very purpose that He now threatens us with trouble. The cloud which seems impending over us may be the forerunner of a tempest which shall sift us like wheat and try our hearts to the core, and restore the Church to her glory, by rousing the energy of her sons. The future destinies of the country—perhaps of the world—may depend on the exertions which the Church is now making. Already a spirit is revived, able to make its stand against the insolence and the sophistry which has so long been in the ascendant: our young men are learning to laugh, in their turn, at the cant and blustering of Liberalism. The mask is fallen from her face, and her foul features are known. If God preserves us but for a few years, we shall have enrolled in our ranks a sufficient number of matured and zealous champions, well able, if they remain faithful, to sustain the conflict against the overbearing insolence of the vaunting Goliaths of democracy.

But the power of those who fight in the first ranks is not that on which we must chiefly rely. The Church must set herself diligently to revive the ascendancy of true principles amongst the millions. All

her sons must bestir themselves. We must provide religious instruction for the masses of our people. We must carry out to the utmost the sound education of the rising generation; we must revive the faith, and humility, and obedience of former days, and imbue our people with the true spirit of the Christian Church. These are the means whereby we must resist Satan's machinations, and ward off the impending ruin. If the mass of our people were sound Christian Churchmen, there would be no fear of revolution. And to secure this wholesome state of things, it will need the strenuous exertions, as well as the earnest prayers, of all good men in every rank and station, in every city, town, and village. No man can be a sound member of the Church without possessing influence; and this influence, whatever it be, whether by word or deed, by sacrifice of ease or wealth, by self-denial or activity, by money cheerfully contributed, time willingly afforded,—all must be exerted in the cause of peace and truth. In a word, if we would preserve our country from desolation and anarchy, if we would prepare peaceful days for our children, yea, if we would save many perishing souls from death,—we must join with heart and hand, each in his several station, resolutely and perseveringly to repair the bulwarks and enlarge the boundaries of God's true Church.

Such was the substance of our Christian Citizen's political creed. Far from separating religion from

politics, as some modern theorists, contrary to the practice of every age of the world, would have us do, (he considered religion to be the basis of national as well as individual happiness ; and *the maintenance of Christ's true Church to be the great safeguard and palladium of England.*)

The young clergyman cordially assented to the arguments of his excellent friend ; and even the liberal Mr. Raffles acknowledged that they contained much semblance of truth.



CHAPTER XVII.

OUR COUNTRY TOWNS.

“Describe the Borough ;” though our idle tribe
May love description, can we so describe
That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?
Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil ; they defy the pen.

It is the fashion in the present day to attribute far too much influence to our great manufacturing towns. No doubt they contain a vast and important population, whose wants and interests ought to receive due attention, but not more so than the wants and interests of the same number of inhabitants scattered in a thousand villages. It is quite a gratuitous assumption, that the intelligence of the manufacturing population is greater than that of the agricultural. Compare the individual condition and attainments of the common artisan and the labourer, and I question whether the latter has any cause to be ashamed. The artisan’s whole life is spent usually in one work, which he performs well, we readily allow ; but he knows little else beyond his particular branch. Day after day is consumed in watching a loom, filing a knife-handle, or twisting a pin’s head. The village labourer, on the other hand, is employed in the care

of various domestic animals; he knows all their habits and wants, and is commonly well versed in the various interesting details of husbandry and the operations of nature. Nor do I think that, if you compare them man with man, the moral or intellectual character of the countryman can for a moment be considered as inferior to that of the townsman. But I will not proceed with the comparison. Whatsoever may be the moral condition of our manufacturing population, they are what we have made them,—or rather, what we have suffered them to become. Let us look to it, that we furnish them with the means of improvement. Already the vices of our cities have begun to spread themselves over our country population. (The gin-shop and newspaper have poisoned and demoralised the minds of thousands.) Still, let us hope that there remains much that is sound and good in many of our rural districts,—yes, and in our cities also, if we did but cultivate them as we might.

But besides the population of our great towns and villages, there is another numerous class amongst which, notwithstanding the fatal tendency of late years, may still be found considerable remains of loyal, religious, and old English feeling, perhaps more than in any other portion of the community,—I mean the inhabitants of our smaller towns. There are many hundreds of old provincial towns which contain within them a large amount of sound intelligence, right feeling, and hereditary worth; and I

question whether the time will not soon arrive when, from the position which they occupy between the agricultural and manufacturing interests, the voice of our provincial towns will be far more influential than it is. The exertions which are now being made by the Church to introduce a sounder system of education amongst the middle classes,—exertions which they for whose benefit they are chiefly intended seem disposed rightly to appreciate,—will, if I mistake not, cause a great change in the condition and comparative influence of our country towns. And if their influence is thrown into the right scale, it may be an important instrument of saving the country from ruin.

It is time that I should make my readers better acquainted with the place which was so fortunate as to number our Christian Citizen amongst its principal inhabitants.

Churchover is a small country town, pleasantly situated on the banks of a small river in one of the northern counties of England. When first I knew it, it ranked as one of the most respectable and agreeable places of residence in the kingdom. It was an excellent specimen of a good old English provincial town. There was an old town-hall and an old grammar-school, an old pair of stocks and an old hospital, and an old bridge, besides the old Gothic church with its venerable spire, which stood on an eminence overtopping all the rest. In addition to these old buildings, which gave a peculiar character

to the place, there were a good many handsome new houses in the town of Churchover, for it was far from being in a state of decay. Many wealthy and intelligent families chose it for their residence ; and many thriving and respectable tradespeople, whose forefathers had resided there for generations, and who looked upon the old buildings of their native town with something of the same sort of feeling as the landowner surveys the oaks which encircle his paternal hall. Perhaps no town in England could be named where so much good feeling existed amongst all classes, from the highest to the lowest. I remember hearing an eminent physician, who came to settle in the place, express his utter astonishment at the amount of private charity. If a poor man met with any accident, every kind assistance was given him by his wealthier neighbours. If a small tradesman suffered a loss, or a huckster's horse died, or a cottager's cow, a subscription was set on foot, and the accident often turned out a gain rather than a loss. Then there was a savings-bank, and infant-schools, and national schools, and Sunday-schools, and penny-clubs, and provident societies,—all supported and managed at great expense of time and money by the principal inhabitants of the place. As to the beef given away at Christmas, I suppose twenty Durham oxen would not have supplied it. In short, people of all classes lived comfortably together, and respected each other. Of course, occasional interruptions and disagreements occurred, but they were

nothing to speak of; the community soon relapsed into its state of peace. The rich were looked up to; the middle classes knew their station; the poor were well cared for and contented;—and there was a spirit of honest cordiality, such as there should be, amongst all classes of the community.

But I am sorry to say that the quiet town of Churchover has partaken in some degree of the restless spirit of the age, though not to the same extent as many other places.

There has been a sad spirit afloat in some of our English towns, especially those in which the offices and patronage are bestowed by popular election. Radicalism, that pest of society, has crept in amongst them, and has poisoned all the fountain of good fellowship. I do not care so much about party-spirit in itself. Parties there will be every where. But what I allude to, is the unchristian mode in which party-spirit has of late years operated. The Radicals, being ambitious to govern, have in many places succeeded in gaining their object by a systematic course of appeal to the worst passions of the lower orders; principally by villifying and calumniating the upper classes, to which they had been accustomed to look with respect. It is a sad unchristian system; and has, in many places, infused a malignant, devilish spirit into the lower orders, which they who have fomented it will have cause some day bitterly to rue. In fact, it is on the maintenance of this feeling, that the ascendancy of Radicalism depends. The basis

of its policy is to set the poor against the rich ; to make them believe that the rich are their enemies, and they, the Radicals, their friends, and so raise themselves on the shoulders of the people. No matter how kind, liberal, and charitable the rich man is, the poor man is taught to look upon him as his enemy and oppressor—or one who would oppress him if he could. Without keeping up this spirit the Radicals cannot exist. It is the air they breathe, the food they live on. This is a sad state of things for a town to be in. There are continual heartburnings, quarrelings, and jealousies. Each registration and municipal election is a signal for a renewal of animosities. Not a day passes at these periods but some ill-natured hand-bill, or scurrilous squib, is put forth for the purpose of annoying or calumniating an opponent. Then comes a reply, and a paper-war commences. All sorts of abuse are bandied to and fro. “Rogue, knave, liar, fool, traitor, slanderer, pitiful scoundrel, falsehood, scurrility, not one word of truth, coarseness, calumny, littleness of mind,” &c. &c.—these and similar terms of reproach are dealt out wholesale by neighbours one to another. The next thing is a paltry prosecution. Mr. A. speaks rather too plainly of his opponent’s manœuvres. Mr. B. thinks he has got the advantage, and can make Mr. A. smart for it. Either he will have to apologise, or pay a fine ; or, best of all, will be dragged away from his family, and shut up in gaol for a fortnight.

Another abominable practice which has sprung up, is that of exclusive dealing. The Radicals never scrupled to employ this, or any other engine by which they could work upon the smaller tradesman. And the Conservatives are obliged most reluctantly to adopt the same course. In fact, they would not act with justice to their friends, if they did not openly and avowedly encourage and support them, when they are injured by the withdrawal of their Radical customers. This, of course, widens the breach between the parties, and makes it more irreparable.

(In short, where Radicalism has raised its noxious head, there is no peace or comfort.) All things go wrong. The principal inhabitants and tradespeople have no confidence in their magistrates, and look with suspicion on all their doings. The better families gradually leave the town, and none come to supply their places. The subscriptions to the different charities consequently fall off, and the charities themselves—the dispensary, schools, provident clubs—sink for want of funds and of persons to look after them : for the Radicals, with very few exceptions, give neither their time nor their money to support charitable institutions. The poor people, too, become quite altered in their character : they are sullen, envious, suspicious, disrespectful to their superiors, thinking them their enemies ! All the bonds of Christian charity are loosed :—even religion itself is made an affair of party.

I have already said, that though Radicalism was

not unknown in the town of Churchover, yet that its effects were not so mischievous as in many other places; and this was chiefly owing to the good influence of Mr. Walton. In one respect Churchover was fortunate, namely, that it did not send members to Parliament, and consequently avoided the excitement and demoralisation of contested elections. When the Municipal Reform-bill was passed, Mr. Walton, with his usual sagacity, foresaw what an evil it would become, if the corporation-offices were made the bone of contention; and he was aware that rival lists of candidates had already been circulated. So he took occasion, at a meeting held in the town-hall a little before the election, to address a few words of advice to his fellow-townsmen.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “as one of the oldest members of the old corporation of Churchover, and now about to resign my office, I think it right to address you on the subject of the new municipal act. We have for many years lived in great peace and quietness in this town; and it is my earnest wish that good-order and good-will should be preserved amongst us. I believe that no one in Churchover can bring any charge of peculation, extravagance, or improper conduct against the members of the present corporation. (*hear, hear!*) I hold in my hand the report of the commissioners, in which it is stated, — and I think we have reason to be proud of it, — that there is not a corporation in the kingdom in which the funds have been managed with more judgment

or fidelity than in this of Churchover ; (*hear, hear !*) nor one in which they have been more strictly applied to the purposes contemplated by the founders. I can bear my testimony, that every Christmas we have taken unwearied pains to investigate the claim of each applicant, and have given relief invariably to those whom we judged most worthy——”

Here Mr. Walton was interrupted by expressions of dissent from two or three disorderly persons at the further end of the hall ; but when the meeting turned round to see who they were, there was a loud laugh, for it was only Ralph Giles and Bill Scroggins, the greatest raggamuffins in the town ; and their dissatisfaction was one of the best proofs which could have been given of the proper distribution of the funds.

“I may also make bold to say,” continued Mr. Walton, “that the funds of the corporation have never been distributed for political or other corrupt purposes. (*hear, hear !*) The old corporation has contained persons of different politics ; but we have never allowed party-motives to interfere in any the slightest degree with our mode of proceeding. I think therefore, Gentlemen, we have a right to claim your approbation ; (*loud cries of hear, hear !*) and I would beg, on the strength of this confidence, and as one of the oldest inhabitants of Churchover, to offer my advice on the present occasion. The parliament has thought fit to make an alteration in the mode of admission to corporations, and has decided that the members shall be elected by the people, instead of

being self-elected. It cannot be denied;—indeed I fear there is too much proof,—that in many places abuses had grown up in consequence of the close system; *but whether the open system shall not tend to still greater abuse depends very much on the temper and spirit in which the inhabitants of towns exercise their new privileges.* The law gives you the privilege of electing at this time an entirely new corporation, and afterwards one-third will go out yearly. My proposal therefore is this:—in consideration of the fidelity with which the old corporation have performed their duty, I should propose that two-thirds of them should be re-elected. (*hear, hear!*) I consider it would be but a proper mark of respect to them; but seeing that it is now the law of the land that one-third should go out each year, I intend myself, together with three of my colleagues who have been longest in office, to withdraw from the corporation, and not to offer ourselves as candidates; and in order to fill up their places, let the two first names be taken from each of the lists of candidates. (*hear, hear! from all sides.*)

“Gentlemen, in making this proposal, I trust that you will perceive that I have no other motive but the peace and quiet of the town. My sole object is to prevent those heartburnings and jealousies which I foresee will be the inevitable consequence of the annual appointment of the municipal officers being made a subject of contest and canvass. We have hitherto lived in good fellowship together; we are all good

friends with each other; and I pray God that nothing may occur to disturb our harmony."

The high respect in which Mr. Walton's character was held, the manliness of his address, and the reasonableness of his views, conciliated the good-will of almost all who heard him. Very few dissentient voices were raised, and these chiefly from people who hoped to make a harvest by the money spent at the election. However, their influence was so small that they did not venture to make an opposition, and Mr. Walton's proposal was agreed upon. Four new counsellors came into the corporation; and on subsequent years a similar mode of election was adopted; and so it continues, and so it is likely to do, as long as Mr. Walton, or men like him, shall exert their active influence.

It is where the Conservatives are men of doubtful character, or indolent habits, or arrogant temper, or where some old party-jealousy exists, or where the business has been sadly mismanaged, that Radicalism has gained the upper hand, and produced the evils before adverted to. And such evils will not be removed until the lovers of peace and order shall again, by their activity and discretion, regain the influence which in too many places they have lost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR WALTON PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A GOOD POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Land and trade are knit together, and together must wax or wane; so that it shall never be well with land, but trade shall be the better for it; nor the trade shall suffer, but land shall feel it.

SIR JOSHUA CHILDE.

In consequence of the amicable arrangement of the municipal elections, the town of Churchover enjoyed a remarkable freedom from political excitement; for though there were, of course, persons of all parties in the place, and all sorts of opinions were discussed, and petitions on all subjects were sent up to the legislature, yet the absence of personal conflict tended greatly to prevent asperity, and to soften the general tone of feeling. In most places it is impossible for people to meet together on any disputed ground, without a scene of uproar and confusion, and the excitement of violent and unchristian passions. The consequence is, that different parties have come, by mutual consent, to prefer meeting by themselves; the speeches are printed in the papers, and the public may judge between them. Under existing circumstances, this is the most sensible mode of proceeding. No good object is gained by quiet and peaceable persons entering into the lists with

popular demagogues, and appealing to the judgment, or rather the passions, of an excited mob. In such cases it is much better to let the democrats have the satisfaction of speechifying to their hearts' content. The press, well employed, will relieve the people of the trash which they have swallowed.

Things, however, were better managed at Churchover. On any subject of general interest, the people used to meet together and listen,—really listen to the speeches and arguments on both sides. Thus, when the question of the repeal of the corn-laws agitated all our great towns, and the most violent and disgraceful meetings took place, the town-hall of Churchover presented a highly interesting scene; for though crowded to excess, there was not the least anger or bitterness of feeling; and the great body of the people evidently came for information on the subject.

Of course there were advocates of both opinions; addresses to the legislature were prepared on each side, and placed on the table; and it was agreed that each party should state their reasons for recommending the adoption of their respective petitions.

The Mayor briefly opened the meeting, by expressing his hope and confidence that the inhabitants of Churchover would maintain on this occasion their usual character for good-sense and good-nature, by listening attentively to the speeches of the different gentlemen who were about to address them. He then called upon Mr. Raffles, who, it was understood,

intended to move the petition for the repeal of the corn-laws.

〈 It is not necessary that I should trouble my readers with this gentleman's speech : it was dull, prosy, and perplexed, at least so it appeared to those who heard it ; though it is surprising how much better it read when it was printed next week in the *Church-over Observer*. Many people could hardly believe it was the same.

The next speaker to Mr. Raffles was Mr. Junius Brutus Wiggins, formerly hair-dresser, but now editor of the aforesaid newspaper ;—a situation for which he was eminently qualified by his manifold attainments. Mr. Wiggins could write a smart leading article in a bold, confident tone, which passed for profound wisdom with his provincial readers. He could laugh at serious things, pass over all the sound arguments of his opponents with the greatest coolness, and shew up any weak point in their position with considerable dexterity. Mr. Wiggins was generally supposed by his admirers to have more political wisdom in his head than the whole House of Lords, and more theology than the bench of bishops ; at least, when his opinion on these subjects happened to differ from theirs, his readers always thought him in the right. It is true, that Mr. Wiggins was not very conversant with the rules of logic, or with history or classical literature : but then, as he assured his friends, such things were of very little use, fit only for the schools, and not for the business of life. In

addition to his high editorial qualifications, Mr. Wiggins possessed the enviable talent of being able to make a speech at any given moment, on any given subject, in a bold, off-hand sort of way, which some mistook for eloquence.

On the present occasion he rose to second Mr. Raffles' resolution. Having stated the diffidence which he felt in addressing them after the able speech of the gentleman who had just sat down, he began by declaring that it was the undoubted right of all free-born Englishmen to buy their food where they could procure it cheapest. (*hear, hear !*) Trade, he contended, ought to be free and unshackled. It was by her commerce and manufactures that England had risen to her present greatness. The government ought to give every encouragement and protection to the industry and wealth of the country ; (*hear, hear !*) and therefore the interests of the agriculturist must give way to those of the manufacturer. (*no, no !*) He then went on to speak at length on the wonderful progress which this country had made in civilisation : in support of which, he would quote, he said, an extract from the speech of a noble lord, not less distinguished for the boldness of his oratory than for the versatility of his genius. " In 1774," said the noble lord, " commenced the most remarkable, the most brilliant, the proudest epoch of the human race. The mines of this country, and of Wales especially, teeming with wealth, were, for the first time, explored. Pouring out their treasures to the upper

earth, they not only aggrandised their possessors, but were instantly worked into innumerable tools, engines, and machinery, of the most exquisite and vigorous description; by which rocks were blasted, trees felled, forests cleared, the earth broken up, and the produce wrought into the finest manufactures. The infinite skill and ingenuity of the machinists were exerted upon the wealth which the bowels of the earth poured out: the spinning-frame was invented, and, by the steam-engine, the most extraordinary feats were performed; by a new power, the sphere of human potency was enlarged, and a new existence, as well as a new measure of the earth, secured to man. The whole face of nature was changed by the agency of art; and this country became what she now is, and what, God forbid she should ever cease to be,—AN IMMENSE WORKSHOP."

There was a good deal of applause amongst a knot of blacksmiths and bricklayers, who had got together in the middle of the hall; but otherwise, this wonderful climax did not seem to take with the shrewd people of Churchover. They did not appear to be at all aware that England had really become one great workshop; nor, if it had been so, were they disposed to consider it "the most brilliant and the proudest epoch in the history of man;" or a state of things, for the continuance of which they ought devoutly to pray.

"But," continued Mr. Wiggins, "if the corn-laws were not repealed, the sun of England's glory

was set for ever. Was it not time for us to be anxious, when we heard that other nations were actually beginning to manufacture articles for themselves? France supplied herself with cotton goods; Saxony made her own cloth. The Belgians ate their dinner with their own knives and forks; nay, he was credibly informed that the Swiss had begun to import raw materials; and what, he justly argued, could they want raw materials for, if it was not to supply themselves with goods of their own manufacture? And he asked triumphantly, whether they were likely to take our manufactures, if they could supply them for themselves?" (*hear, hear! from both sides.*) Mr. Wiggins next adverted to the extensive countries which were ready to consume our manufactures, if we would but take their corn in return, instead of buying it from our own farmers. "In Poland, for instance, the peasants all wore sheepskins, which they put on with the wool inside in winter, and outside in summer: (*loud cries of hear, hear!*) would it not be charitable to send these poor people some of our manufactures, in order that they might be more respectably clothed? In short, if we did but avail ourselves of our opportunities, and repeal these odious corn-laws, we might, like Athens and Sparta, extend our commerce to every quarter of the globe."

Mr. Wiggins' speech evidently had considerable effect on some of the wider-mouthed amongst his

auditors : he spoke with confidence and fluency ; and when he sat down there was a good deal of applause.

The Mayor then called on Mr. Walton, who was to move the counter-petition. Mr. Walton's name was received with hearty cheers ; and the people listened very attentively, for they knew that, if they were not entertained with a very fine flowery harangue, they should at least hear some good sound sense.

Mr. Walton began :

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen ; I have listened with attention to the arguments brought forward by the mover and seconder of the petition for the repeal of the corn-laws ; and though I do not profess to be gifted with the same eloquence as the gentleman who has just addressed you, yet I think I shall be able to shew that his arguments are not so conclusive as some appear to think them, and that his illustrations make rather against than in favour of his position.

In the first place, allow me to express my sincere regret that this question should be made a party-business, or considered as a collision between those two most important classes of men, the manufacturers and agriculturists. God has placed the landlord and manufacturer, the labourer and mechanic, together ; he has cemented us into one great nation ; and it is my firm belief that our interests are bound up in one, so that what is good for one is good also

for the other, and what is hurtful for one is hurtful for the other. Do not let us allow our passions to be inflamed against each other : let us rather be willing to make some sacrifices of self-interest, if it be for the general good. (*hear, hear !*)

Mr. Wiggins has dwelt at large on the evils which are likely to result to our manufacturing interests from the activity which is springing up amongst other nations, and this activity he has attributed to the corn-laws. But I must beg leave to differ with him entirely ; and will undertake to prove that our corn-laws have nothing at all to do with the proceedings of the nations which he mentions, and which have resulted from circumstances over which this country has no control. I need scarcely remind you, that for many years France was convulsed by revolution, and afterwards her provinces were drained of their population, to furnish conscripts for the armies of Napoleon. The revolutionary mania of France, which disorganised and desolated her own towns and provinces, produced the most disastrous effects in other countries of Europe. Belgium and Germany were the scenes of marchings and countermarchings of contending armies. Every mountain and valley of Switzerland was contested inch by inch by the troops of France and Russia. England meanwhile, by the blessing of God, enjoyed domestic peace, and, owing to her insular situation and other advantages, was enabled to extend her commerce, and introduce her manufactures into every quarter of the globe.

But now that peace is again restored to the different nations, how can we wonder, and what right have we to grudge, that they should desire to enjoy the same advantages with ourselves? How can we expect that they should continue to take our manufactures, when they find that they can supply them by their own industry? Is not each government bound, as Mr. Wiggins has said, to encourage the industry of its inhabitants? There can be no doubt that they ought to do so, and will do so. The revival of their manufactures is, therefore, the natural result of the continuance of peace, and has nothing whatever to do with our system of corn-laws.

But, says the honourable seconder of the petition, there are many other countries the inhabitants of which would buy our manufactures, if we would take their corn in return. (*hear! from Mr. Wiggins.*) But then I would beg to ask, what is to become of our own corn-growers? (*hear, hear!*) If the inhabitants of Churchover and the neighbourhood refused to buy their goods from their own shopkeepers, how are the tradesmen of this place to get their living? (*loud cries of hear!*) So, if our manufacturers will not deal with their neighbours, but buy their corn from other nations, must it not be utter ruin and annihilation to our own agriculturists? Consider for a moment what would be the immediate and certain effect of the repeal. The manufacturer consumes a certain quantity of corn; at present he buys it from our farmers: you say, let him buy it

from foreigners. See what must immediately happen. The farmer, having no demand for his corn, of course allows his arable land to go out of tillage ; he has no inducement to cultivate it, if he cannot dispose of the produce. Now, we all know, that it is on the cultivation of the arable land that the main occupation of our labouring population depends. Therefore, by throwing the arable land out of cultivation, the employment and the wages of the labourer are at once stopped. And who is to find employment for the village blacksmith and wheelwright, the waggoner, the village tailor, and shoemaker, and shopkeeper, when the labourers get no wages, and the farmer no profits? (*hear, hear!*) Then, again, there can be no rent. The landowner must shut up his house, or greatly lessen his establishment ; and thousands of servants,—butlers, footmen, grooms, coachmen, gamekeepers, cooks, housemaids, ladies' maids,—must be at once thrown out of employ. What is to become of them ? where are they all to go ? where, but to the cotton-manufactory or the workhouse ? (In short, if the manufacturers will no longer take the farmers' corn, there will be a complete disarrangement and breaking-up of all our social system.) Whole classes, and those the most numerous in the country, will be ruined ; landlords, farmers, labourers, servants, village shopkeepers, and artisans,—their occupation will be gone. And are the manufacturers so ill-informed as to hope that they shall prosper amidst the ruin of all other

classes? or, if it were possible, are they so selfish as to wish it? No; we must all thrive or suffer together, as God intended we should do, when he placed us together in this island. There was no such thing ever heard of, as one half of a nation starving, and the other getting rich.

I have turned my thoughts a good deal, Mr. Mayor, to the subject of political economy, and perhaps know something of it, both in theory and practice. I have been, in early life, a merchant; afterwards a banker; and now I am a landowner. And I have come to this conclusion—that the true object of political economy is not the mere increase of wealth, *but the right distribution of it*, so as may best conduce to the physical and moral welfare of the people; and, therefore, that *the first point of economy to which every nation should attend is the home-trade*, by which I mean the due interchange of labour between the different classes of society, and especially with regard to the necessities of life. Let the agriculturists supply the manufacturers with corn, and beef, and mutton; let the manufacturers supply the agriculturists, in their turn, with clothing, and other articles of daily use; then the great mass of the people will have enough, and will do well. The plough and the loom will thrive together. But in whatsoever nation the necessities of life are exported—if corn is exported, for instance, before the people have food enough to eat; or if manufactures are exported before the people have clothes to wear,

or other necessary articles ; then there must of necessity be misery and poverty. Suppose the farmer could get more money for his corn by sending it abroad, would he be permitted to do so when thousands at home were starving? Why, then, should the manufacturer send his goods abroad before his neighbours and fellow-countrymen are supplied? The gentleman who last addressed you has drawn a lamentable picture of the Polish boor with his sheepskin covering, and would charitably send him some of our manufactures for his use. But does he not perceive, that for every suit of clothes you send the Pole in return for his corn, you rob the English peasant of a suit, for which *he* was ready to give his corn in return? Is it not manifest, that if you send the Poles the broad-cloth and the linen, the English peasant must put up with the sheepskin? (*hear, hear!*)

There is another argument used by Mr. Wiggins, which appears to me equally fallacious. He instances Athens and other nations, which, in spite of a limited territory, and though unable to supply themselves with corn, attained great power and wealth. (*hear, hear! from Mr. Wiggins.*) Now, I remember, when I was a boy at the grammar-school in this town, reading the history of a very interesting period of the history of Greece, in an old Greek author called Xenophon. Athens certainly arrived at great eminence, and maintained it in a remarkable manner ; for, when her own territory, up to her very

city-walls was in the hands of the enemy, still, by means of her fleet, she kept the dominion of the sea, and ruled over an extensive empire. But what was the cause of her fall? It was, when her navy was defeated, when the fleet of the enemy swept the seas, and the island of Eubœa was taken, from whence she obtained her principal supplies of corn, that she became at once powerless, and obliged to yield. It is because I wish to see England independent of such casualties; because I wish that her power may not depend on a single naval defeat, or a storm, or a mutiny, or on the caprice of some foreign despot (as she must depend, if her corn came from abroad),—it is for this reason that I trust she will still continue to raise within her own territory the food necessary for the support of her inhabitants. Besides, whenever a scarcity happens in those countries from which we obtain our supply of corn, the governments of those countries will of course look to the maintenance of their own people, and prohibit the exportation of the staff of life; and we, having no corn of our own, must infallibly be starved.

But I think we ought to look at this question in a higher point of view; and consider it on the ground of religion and morality, as well as mere political economy. Would it tend to the increase of true religion and godliness, if our rural labourers were driven from their villages, and congregated together in our already over-burdened towns? Are our manufacturing districts in so excellent a moral condi-

tion, that we should desire all England to be brought under the same system? I confess I cannot at all sympathise with those who desire that England may become *one great workshop*. Acknowledging, as I do, the versatile genius and boldness of oratory of the noble lord, whose speech Mr. Wiggins has quoted, I cannot speak with equal praise of the soundness of his judgment, or the correctness of his views. And though I admire, with him, the skill and industry of our manufacturers, and am well aware of the strength which England derives from her arts and her commerce, yet I am not prepared to admit that our agricultural population, our hereditary landlords, our bold yeomen and hardy peasantry, are one whit inferior to the manufacturers in any of those qualities which constitute the moral strength and real excellence of a community. On the contrary, when I look at the aspect of our great manufacturing communities; when I walk through their crowded streets, and mark the wan and sickly faces of their children; when I observe their manners and listen to their words,—I confess I see much to deplore,—much cause of anxiety and concern,—much, very much, from which a Christian heart must recoil with fear and sorrow. And many of these evils seem to result from the very circumstances of their condition; and are apparently, though I hope not in reality, altogether inseparable from their position.

I confess that I should dread to see the day when England shall become one great workshop, as she must be, if her peasantry are exterminated by the repeal of the corn-laws. I like to roam through the green fields, and watch the busy farm-yard, the peaceful group on the village-green, or the congregation gathering at the village-church ; and I will not admit that the inhabitants of ten thousand villages ought to be swept from the earth, or driven in hordes to our manufacturing towns, for the sake of making England one great workshop.

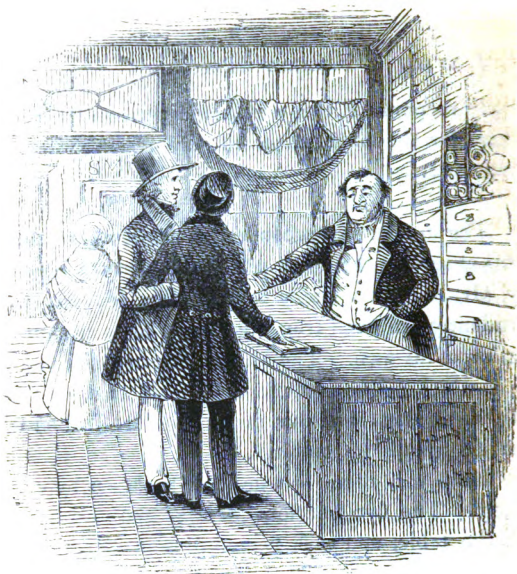
I can well imagine that men of talent and information, whose whole life has been connected with the manufacturing interest, who derive their fortune from it, and know comparatively little of other branches of the nation's wealth, may conscientiously view the commerce of England as her great strength, and believe that every other interest should give way to that. I do not accuse such persons of self-interest, but rather of short-sightedness. For sure I am, that if the agriculturists were sacrificed, the manufacturers themselves would have cause to rue the day. Their prosperity is bound up with that of their brethren and fellow-countrymen. God, in his providence, has cemented society together by links of interest as well as charity. And it were an unwise and suicidal policy which would seek to benefit one class by the utter ruin of another.

On these grounds, gentlemen, I strongly and ear-

nestly recommend that we should petition the legislature for the maintenance of our present system of corn-laws.

The motion was seconded by another gentleman, who observing the effect produced upon the meeting by Mr. Walton's manly and forcible address, very prudently refrained from weakening it by any observation of his own. The Mayor then put the question as to which petition should be adopted as the petition of the meeting; and that moved by Mr. Walton was carried by a large majority.

However, there was no ill-will shewn by either party. The two petitions were placed side by side on the table, and each person present signed which he thought proper. There was a good deal of joking and good-humoured confusion amongst the worthy inhabitants of Churchover, as they crowded up to the table, anxious to get away to their dinners or their business. Several, in their hurry, signed the wrong paper; and it caused no slight merriment, when the business was over, to find that Mr. Raffles, whether from design or accident, had put his name to Mr. Walton's petition.



CHAPTER XIX.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 And India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 And many a palmy plain,
 (They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain)

HEBER.

ONE day Mr. Hammond received a very large packet by the post. He found on opening it, that it contained a copy of the Queen's letter to the bishop,

authorising that contributions should be made in all parishes for the support of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The Queen's letter was accompanied by another from his lordship, in which he earnestly requested the exertion of the clergy in so good a cause; and directed that the parishioners should be "effectually moved" by a sermon, and also that the clergyman should make a collection from house to house, together with any respectable parishioners who might be induced to accompany him.

Mr. Hammond very judiciously selected Advent-Sunday for his sermon, and chose for his text Rom. x. 13-15, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach *except they be sent*? As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel, and bring glad tidings of good things!" He first briefly but strongly pointed out the duty of *sending forth* missionaries to proclaim to the heathen the knowledge of the Gospel; it was one of the first duties of Christian charity. It was impossible, that one who truly felt the value of the Christian faith should not feel an earnest desire to communicate the same blessings to those who sat in darkness.

But the chief part of his sermon related to *the*

mode in which this duty should be performed, in order to insure God's blessing on our labours. "*Sending*" missionaries (he said) did not consist, as some seem to think, in merely subscribing to pay their passage-money, and perhaps allowing them a small salary when they arrived at their place of destination; but they must be *sent* by competent authority from the Church. They must be regularly ordained by the bishop for the work of the ministry.

This was the way in which invariably missionaries were sent forth in the apostolic ages: see, for instance, the account of the sending forth of the first missionaries, Paul and Barnabas, in the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. By sending out preachers of the Gospel in this regular manner, who shall either themselves be bishops or placed under regular episcopal authority, we might hope for God's blessing on their labours. But the irregular sending out of missionaries by unauthorised societies was too often productive of more harm than good. We had done infinite harm to the cause of truth by planting our schisms and divisions, instead of the sound doctrine and discipline of the apostolic Church. He quoted the saying of an Indian Brahmin, which spoke the general feeling: "We should like your religion better, if there were not so many sorts of it." He next adverted to a striking fact illustrative of the superior activity of the Romish Church to our own. Algiers (he said) had scarcely been four years in the hands of the French, when a regular Roman Catholic

bishop was appointed; whereas Malta had been nearly forty years in our hands, and Gibraltar even longer, and no Protestant bishop had been near them; indeed, at the former place there was hardly a decent place of worship until Queen Adelaide, much to her credit, built one at her own expense. If our Government had done its duty, the Anglican Church would at this time be the most extensive of all, and true religion might now have spread into almost every part of the world. He hoped, some day, that we should, as a church and nation, exert ourselves to enlarge the kingdom of Christ. Meanwhile, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, being supported by all the bishops of the English Church, and recommended by the sovereign, afforded the best channel for our contributions. All it wanted was more effective support, which he heartily prayed it might obtain.

This sermon had a very good effect in setting the people of Churchover to think, not only on the *duty* of sending missionaries, but on the *right mode* of performing it. They had been accustomed to care very little about the manner in which missionaries were sent forth. Whatever society got up the best meeting, and sent travelling gentlemen who could tell the most amusing and pathetic stories, commonly got the most money. They never thought that they might be doing more harm than good, by sending forth irregular preachers, who should be the authors of confusion and disorder, and injure the cause which they were sent to serve. But now they came to see that the

true way was to send forth missionaries, *as a Church*, duly commissioned, according to God's ordinance, to preach the gospel of peace and reconciliation.*

The next day Mr. Hammond commenced what was the least agreeable part of his task,—the going round from house to house to solicit contributions. It is one of those duties, however, from which a clergyman must not shrink, especially when he is acting under authority. People ought to consider this. They are always calling the clergy beggars; but they forget that they are performing a public duty; and that it is not for their own pleasure or profit that they beg, but often at great personal inconvenience.

The young curate's labour was much lightened by the kind and considerate offer of Mr. Walton to accompany him. "Come and breakfast with me," said his worthy friend, "and we will go together:

* It may be useful to inform churchmen which are the best societies to subscribe to. All churchmen, however poor, should contribute to the following:—1st, *The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. This is the best missionary society, being sanctioned by all the bishops of the English Church, and being conducted on regular Church-principles. 2d, *The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*. This society distributes Bibles, as well as Prayer-books and tracts. 3d, *The National-School Society*: an admirable institution, which requires especial support at the present time, as it is making unusual efforts. 4th, *The Church-Building Society*. 5th, *The Additional Curate's Fund*. There are many other useful societies; but these are the best and most important, and conducted on the soundest principles.

perhaps my company may be of some use to you." So they set off in good time after breakfast, determined to make a day of it.

Have any of my readers ever engaged in this branch of duty? Though full of annoyances, there is also a good deal of interest and instruction in observing the different traits of character which are exhibited. First, by the way, let me recommend them on no account to carry their book and pencil in their hand, as they go from house to house; for persons who are looking out of their windows will often suspect their errand, and refuse admittance. Of course they must expect to meet with many denials, and many modes of denial. First, there is the *denial indirect*: "Well, I'll consider of it, gentlemen." They may generally set down nought against the name of these considerate gentlemen; though I have known them come forward afterwards with a handsome subscription. Then there is the *denial direct*: "No, I sha'n't; that's plump." Your only way in this case is civilly to wish the gentleman "Good morning;" or else he will be abusive. Then there is the denial courteous; and of this there are two kinds, the hostile and the friendly. The *courteous denial hostile* is of this sort (and it is a sort of denial, by the way, with which churchmen themselves would do well to be prepared): "Really, sir, I have thought of your scheme (or, I have read the prospectus of your society), and I cannot say that it accords with my views or principles: therefore I must beg to decline

being a contributor." If you have reason to suppose that the person who denies you in this way labours under any misapprehension as to the nature and object of the society in question, it is due, both to yourself and to him, to offer any explanation which he may require ; and it may sometimes happen that you are able to remove his objection. But it is not right to urge against his will a person who behaves so properly. The *courteous denial friendly* is of this sort : " I approve very much, sir, of the object which you have in view, and should be most happy to contribute ; but to be candid, sir, I really cannot afford it at present." From such a person you part with great cordiality, hoping very sincerely that he may be a richer man when next you call.

All these sorts of denial did our two friends meet with during their morning's walk ; and many others, characteristic of the individuals to whom they applied. Mrs. Decorset regretted very much that it was not in her power to contribute as she should have wished to an object which was recommended by two gentlemen for whom she entertained so high a regard. If she or her daughters could make themselves useful in any way, she should have been most happy. If, for instance, they should at any time wish for any person to hold plates at the church-doors, she was sure her daughters would be most willing to give their aid.

Mr. Reuben Raffles met them very cordially at the door : " Well, gentlemen," said he, " so you have

taken to my trade—turned solicitors; ha, ha, ha! rather dry work, isn't it? But come in; I have got some luncheon ready for you." Mr. Walton and his friend had no objection to the proposal, and were soon employed in discussing Mr. Raffles' hospitable fare. "Come," said he, after they had already eaten and drunk rather more than they wished, "I want your opinion on a case of curaçoa which I have got from London;" and no denial would Mr. Raffles take, though evidently his visitors would much rather have gone without it.

"And now," said Mr. Walton, rising to take his leave, "I hope you will allow us to add your name to our subscription." "Oh, the subscription," said Mr. Raffles, changing his tone; "the subscription, oh! Well, I suppose I must give you something: here's half-a-crown for you. I would have given you more, if it had not been for the failure of that unlucky paper. I declare it has cost me at least 200*l.*, besides 100*l.* more which I lent that rogue Wiggins, and probably shall never get a farthing back. However, I am heartily glad I have got rid of the concern." "And so am I," thought Mr. Walton, as he wished him good morning.

They met with but one adventure after luncheon worth relating: this was at the house of Mr. Skaighley. Mr. Skaighley was a tradesman in good circumstances. His wife dressed finer than most of her neighbours, and he was notorious for giving the best suppers of any in the town; yet he never had a shil-

ling for a charitable purpose. When the curate and his friend entered the shop, he was all bows and smiles, supposing them to have come to make a purchase. "We are commissioned," said Mr. Hammond, "to go round to the principal inhabitants" (here Mr. Skaighley's face underwent a considerable change; he drew himself up, but still appeared pleased), "to solicit contributions" (a cloud gathered on Mr. Skaighley's brow) "for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts."

"Foreign parts!" said Mr. Skaighley, unable any longer to control his temper, "what have I to do with foreign parts? I am scarcely able to get a living at home. Besides, sir, have we not plenty of poor to take care of here? Look," said he, holding out the collector's receipt, "here is another rate of twopence-halfpenny in the pound, which I have had to pay this very morning. No, sir, I will never sanction sending the capital of the country into foreign parts: my maxim is, that 'charity begins at home.'" It should be observed, that this was a favourite maxim in the mouth of Mr. Skaighley; yet he was never known to subscribe to any charity, except once for the funeral of three men who were killed in a coal-pit—and then he hoped to be employed as undertaker.

"Well," said Mr. Walton, when they returned home from the round of visits, "we have met with some refusals to be sure, but I think, on the whole, we have done full as well as could be expected under

all circumstances ; and I am glad to see there are a good many annual subscriptions amongst them. I think our parish will make a pretty good figure in the Society's report next year."

"As contrasted with other parishes," said Mr. Hammond, "perhaps we may not seem deficient ; but I fear that, in comparison with what we ought to have done, we have come very short."

MR. WALTON. "It is astonishing to see how little notion people have of making any real sacrifice for the glory of God. How many are there of those who have set down their guineas or their five shillings, who positively will not know that they have parted with them ! There was old Weldon, did you see him dive into his pocket, and take out a whole handful of sovereigns and silver, and pick out just one shilling ? Then old Reuben, with his half-crown. Why, that bottle of liqueur, which he would uncork for us, cost him ten shillings, if it cost him sixpence."

MR. HAMMOND. "A great many persons, like Mr. Skaighley, do not seem to have much notion of the duty of preaching the Gospel to the distant heathen."

MR. WALTON. "I generally observe that those who underrate this duty are equally indifferent to the cause of religion at home. How very few seem aware of the abject destitution of thousands in their own country ; or even of those who are aware of it, and talk and make speeches about it, how very few are disposed to sacrifice any sum which they will really feel ! A man of fortune builds a house which costs

him ten thousand pounds, or more ; and when his name is read in the subscription-list as a donor of 200*l.* to the Church-building Fund, it is received with a round of applause ! And it is just the same with persons in every class of life. People deliberately choose to lay out their money in equipages and fine living, or in fine clothes, like poor silly Mrs. Decorset and her daughters ; or in wines and liqueurs, like Mr. Raffles ; or hot suppers, like Mr. Skaighley ; instead of giving their substance to the honour of God. There is but one reason why our Church-establishment should not, in a year's time, be put on a footing fully equal to the wants of the nation ; and that is, *because people will not pay for it.* It is not that they *cannot*, but *will not*. They deliberately choose to spend their money on themselves.

“ You hear many persons say, we must be just before we are generous ; we must pay our debts before we give our money away. But why do they get into debt, so as to have no money for religious and charitable purposes ? Poor Mr. Owen, for instance. I was much pleased with his honesty, and believe he really would have subscribed, if he could have afforded it, and I could not find in my heart to say a word, which might hurt him ; but I might well have said, it was his own fault that he was in such a condition as to be unable to afford a subscription for the extension of religion. The truth is, that *people in the present day pitch their scale of living too high ;* they live up to their incomes,

or beyond them; or else they put by all they can scrape together for their children.

“ Now, as to this, I fully admit the duty of making provision for one’s family. We have the authority of the apostle: ‘ He that provided not for his own hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.’ But then I do not admit that we are justified in withholding from God His due portion. If a man, for instance, had 500*l.* a year, and resolved to lay by 100*l.* a year for his children, I should say he did well. But then, out of the remaining income, he ought to set apart a portion for God’s service, and not employ it all on his own living. This would not be to rob his children, but to exercise a wholesome denial over himself.

“ *This is what we all want—a wholesome self-denial, and a greater zeal for the honour of God.* So that we shall be content to see our neighbours, perhaps, with a better house than our own, or a somewhat larger establishment, or a smarter equipage, or finer clothing, or even allow them to stand a little above us in the scale of society, without repining, yea, rejoicing rather, if we know that the money so saved is devoted to God’s glory.”

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED CATASTROPHE.

As some grave gentleman in Terence says
(’Twas therefore much the same in ancient days),
“ Good luck, we know not what to-morrow brings,”
Strange fluctuations in all human things !

COWPER.

THINGS went on in their usual course for some time ; Mr. Hammond becoming more respected and beloved, the more he was known,—Mr. Walton growing daily more fond of his young friend, and delighting more in his society. But in this uncertain world of ours the calm course of human enjoyment cannot last for ever,—misunderstandings, jealousies, or vexations will arise, or death will separate the warmest friends.

“ I wonder why Charles Hammond does not come in to tea this evening,” said Mr. Walton, rather impatiently. “ That was an admirable sermon of his this evening ; but I thought him looking rather ill and nervous. He has hardly been at the house this week ; and, now I think of it, he seemed very different the last time he was here. I am afraid, poor young man, he overworks himself.”

Full of benevolent intentions, Mr. Walton went the next morning to his young friend’s lodgings.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," said he to the good woman of the house, "I am come to look after your young lodger; I am afraid you do not take proper care of him; good people are scarce, Mrs. Jones."

"It is not for want of care, I can assure you, sir," said the good landlady; "I do as much for him as if he were my own son, and cheerfully too, for he is indeed a good gentleman; but I am sorry to say he has certainly not looked so well for the last fortnight, and he has lost his appetite sadly."

"Well," said Mr. Walton, "I'll go up and ask him how he does; I suppose I shall find him, as usual, poring over his books and papers."

"Oh, sir," replied the landlady, "he is gone; he set off by the coach at six o'clock this morning."

"Gone! And did he leave no message for me?"

"Yes, sir; he desired me, if you called, to give his kind regards, and say, that some matter of business required his absence; and he thought a visit to his friends for a fortnight or three weeks would be of service to his health."

Mr. Walton left the house still more embarrassed and anxious than before. He had observed an unusual flush on his young friend's cheek, and a restlessness of manner. Could it really be the hectic of consumption? How mysterious are the ways of Providence (thought the kind old man), which calls away the amiable and good, the useful and active, and leaves an old, worn-out, world-hardened body like mine!

There was an unusual gloom in the family during the absence of Charles Hammond ; and others besides Mr. Walton regretted the absence of the young clergyman. On the fourth Sunday Mr. Hammond appeared again in his usual place at church, animated and impressive as ever, but still looking anxious and unwell.

On the following morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Walton was preparing to make another visit to his young friend's lodgings, when Mr. Hammond himself was announced. Mr. Walton was too kind-hearted to alarm him by expressing his apprehensions for his health, and therefore addressed him in his usual cheerful tone.

" Well, sir, I am glad to see you back again, and hope you have had a pleasant excursion ; you have come, I suppose, to make some good excuse for cutting your old friends, and leaving us all without letting us know a word about it."

Charles Hammond grasped his extended hand, and remained silent for a few moments, as if struggling with some deep emotion, and not knowing how to express all he had to say.

" I fear that you must have thought my conduct strange," said he, at last ; " but I beg you will set it down to any cause rather than to want of gratitude for your many kindnesses. Indeed, the real cause of my perplexity has been, that I have found your hospitable house and amiable family only too agreeable."

Mr. Walton looked earnestly at his young friend, and a sudden thought struck him, which we may wonder had never occurred before; but it sometimes happens that the wisest men are not observant of trifles.

"Well," said he, "you will have to give account to others besides myself for your unceremonious departure: I was just setting out, when you came in, with a commission from Mrs. Walton to bring you home to dinner; and Anna said that I must take no refusal; and," he added, rather pointedly, "I think Elizabeth would have joined in the request, but she was so busy with a drawing, which, I believe, is intended for your room, that she did not seem to notice what we were talking about."

"Ah, sir," said the young clergyman, "I perceive by your manner that you have guessed my secret, which I have hitherto kept concealed within my own breast. It is indeed most true, that I have been presumptuous enough to entertain hopes of one day aspiring to the hand of your youngest daughter, Elizabeth. But, without fortune or interest, dependent for subsistence almost entirely on the small stipend which I receive for my services in this parish, it would have been ungrateful in me to have abused your confidence by endeavouring to win the affections of your daughter; and I had come to the resolution of leaving a place where every scene reminds me of happy moments passed in her society."

The good old man was much relieved when he

discovered what was the real cause of his young friend's altered appearance and manner. He looked at him with a mixture of kindness and admiration, and paused for a while, as was his custom, before he delivered himself of his opinion.

UGH!

“ You have been more scrupulous, my good friend,” said he, “ than many young curates would have been under your circumstances. (But you have acted an honourable part, and I like you the better for it. We live in a state of society, in which it is necessary for young people to be very cautious as to the attachments which they form. It is obviously an act of folly, in the present day, for two young persons to marry, without sufficient fortune to maintain that position in life to which they have been accustomed.) It is sure to cause unhappiness in the end. A young man, who engages the affections of a girl, without having the means to support her, acts, to say the least, a very inconsiderate and selfish part. However, such is not the case in the present instance. I am, thank God, able and willing to give my daughter a handsome maintenance, if the husband she chooses is one whom a father can approve. Allow me to say, that I respect you for your profession; I admire your talent and devotion; I like you for your honourable conduct on this as well as on all other occasions; and if Elizabeth likes you too, so far from standing in your way, I shall consider her fortunate in having won the affections of so excellent a man.” Here Mr. Walton shook him heartily by the hand.

"A thousand thanks, my excellent friend," said Charles Hammond, "for your kindness, which is the more acceptable, as being so freely rendered to a poor friendless curate. (However, I am now able to inform you, that my situation in life is much improved since I last saw you. My absence from Churchover was caused by the death of a distant relative, who had long been in India, and has most unexpectedly left me his heir;) and though my fortune is not of that description which perhaps you might expect in the heir of an East Indian, yet it is such as, I hope, would have authorised me to offer myself without impropriety as your son-in-law: and, to say the truth, such was the object of my present visit."

"I congratulate you very sincerely," said the old gentleman, "on your good fortune; and if I should have been delighted to receive you as my son-in-law when you were poor, of course the alteration in your circumstances does not change my opinion of you. However, after all, we are very coolly settling all this without the concurrence of one who has most right to be consulted, though I do not anticipate much difficulty there. It is time now that you went to account for your conduct to the ladies."

So saying, he led the way to the drawing-room.

The frank and cordial reception with which he was welcomed by both the mother and daughters—the blush which tinged the cheek of Elizabeth, as he gently pressed her hand, would have proved, to a

man of less tact and feeling than Charles Hammond, that he was no unwelcome visitor.

I need scarcely add, that a very few days elapsed before his proposals were duly made and accepted ; and not many weeks before a merry peal rang from the old tower of Churchover, to announce the marriage of the young curate.



CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

How quiet shews the woodland scene !
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won—
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die

Sure if our eyes were purged to trace
God's unseen armies hovering round,
We should behold by angel's grace
The four strong winds of heaven fast bound ;
Their downward sweep a moment staid,
On ocean, cove, and forest-glade,
Till the last flower of autumn shed
Her funeral odour on her dying bed.

KEBLE.

MANY readers (and I confess that I am of that number) do not feel at all satisfied with a story which leaves off abruptly with a wedding, as if there was no further interest beyond it. We prefer to dwell for a while on the contemplation of the happy event, to hear some of the particulars. And when the married couple have driven off on their matrimonial

trip, we like to know what becomes of the friends of the parties, and others with whom we have been made acquainted.

Great were the rejoicings which took place on the happy occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's wedding. There was a handsome, but not ostentatious, entertainment at Mr. Walton's house ; and in the evening a hundred poor families were regaled on the lawn,—for Mr. Walton thought it fit that the poor should partake of his rejoicing. The poor think much more of an entertainment than the rich, and are far more easily pleased. Besides, it is written in Scripture, “ When thou makest a dinner or supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours, but call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind.” Mr. Walton saw no reason why this precept should not be acted upon literally on fit occasions. It was the office of Mrs. Dorothy and Mr. Hopkins to manage the arrangements of the feast, and admirably well they did it ; so that while none had too much, all were satisfied and pleased. And, by the by, it may be well to state that Mrs. Dorothy highly approved of her young mistress's choice, having conceived a great opinion of the merits of Mr. Hammond.

Some time has now elapsed since the marriage ; and Mr. Walton has the blessing of seeing his daughter happy, and his children's children around him.

Miss Anna Walton has not yet been persuaded to follow her sister's example. He would be a fortunate man who could prevail on her; and it is whispered that a certain gentleman in the neighbourhood, not without the approbation of Mr. Walton, is laying close siege, and that there are strong symptoms of the fortress surrendering.

Mrs. Decorset and her family have left Church-over, not finding it genteel enough for them; and are now living at Boulogne, where Mrs. Decorset (or, as she now styles herself, Madame de Courcy) passes for the widow of a French nobleman; and they are considered very fashionable people.

As to Mr. Raffles, he has verified the old proverb, that misfortunes never come single. Soon after the ill success of his newspaper-scheme, he lost half his fortune by the failure of another speculation in which he had engaged. He has been obliged to remove to a smaller house, and give up his liqueurs and old wines. But, what is remarkable, though his fortune is so much diminished, and his hospitality to his friends curtailed from want of means, he gives away to the poor more than ever he did before, and is always ready to subscribe handsomely to charitable and religious purposes. (It should be stated, also, that in politics he has quite come round to his friend's opinion, and only wonders "what on earth possessed him when he was a liberal.")

Old Ambrose has gone to his rest in peace and hope.

Mr. Walton is now considerably past his seventieth year, yet still retains much of his former vigour and activity, and is as wise and agreeable, as practical and philosophical, as ever. He has gradually withdrawn from the management of some of the societies and institutions, and has become fonder of the retirement of his library. One subject which interests him more than formerly, and upon which he often converses with his son-in-law, is that of *the unfulfilled prophecies*. He has been led to this subject by the remarkable blessing pronounced at the beginning of the Book of Revelation: "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; for the time is at hand." His attention has recently been engaged by a subject to which much importance is attached by many eminent writers and preachers of the present day—the second personal advent of Christ; and he fully agrees with them as to the necessity of all Christians being found ready for that great event,—watching and praying for the coming of their Lord and Saviour. He has not, however, been able to discern any solid foundation for those calculations respecting dates, and the order and mode of fulfilment of predicted events, in which some have indulged; and he is therefore content to rest in the great outline of the Church's expectation, as it is taught or implied in her various services, leaving minuter details and particulars to be understood when the day itself shall declare them. Know-

ing the second advent of our Lord to be an event plainly revealed in holy Scripture,—an event to which Christians are taught to look forward as the consummation of their hopes,—he is not deterred by any seeming perplexities arising from the obscurity in which future events, as to many of their particulars, are involved, from meditating, with a mixture of joy and awe, on its coming solemnities. He reads in holy Scripture of the rise and destruction of an antichristian power previous to Christ's advent,—of the perilous times of the last days, and of the sudden destruction of the mystic Babylon; and his meditations on these and other kindred subjects naturally lead him to think on the signs of the times, and the present state of the world, and especially of his own country; and, though little troubled on his own account, and prepared for whatsoever it may please God to send, yet he feels considerable anxiety about the prospects of his children, and the coming destiny of his Church and country.

Sometimes he will shake his head despondingly, and look grave and sorrowful; at other times he will brighten up with hope, and think that God intends to be merciful to us. In mere political affairs he takes but little interest, except so far as they seem connected with that great struggle of principles,—the contest between the powers of good and evil,—which appears now to be drawing to a crisis.

Not long since, an incident occurred in the neigh-

bourhood of Churchover, which affected Mr. Walton more than any thing which has happened for several years. There is a place called Irondale, inhabited by a dense population, who are exceedingly turbulent and disaffected. Some Chartist orators got amongst them and excited them to violence; and the (recently appointed) magistrates, being themselves political unionists, took no measures to suppress them. How could they, indeed, when the misguided people were only acting on principles which they themselves had instilled into them? The consequence was, that an alarming outbreak of mob-violence took place, and several houses were burnt and pillaged before the soldiers could arrive to put them down. Then, of course, there was great indignation against the rioters; three of them were identified and arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. (Mr. Walton had made very little account of the riots; indeed, he rather looked upon them as a providential occurrence, designed to open men's eyes to the real tendency of liberalism.) But when the rioters were under sentence of death, he expressed his opinion in very strong terms.

"If those men are hanged," said he, "there is scarcely a person in England on whose head their blood will not rest. It is not that I have any false sentimental feeling about the illegality of capital punishment. When Scripture says, that the magistrate is appointed "for the punishment of evil-

doers," and that "he beareth not the sword in vain," I conceive that full authority is given him to inflict the punishment of death when justice and example require it. But in the case of these three men, I conceive the crime for which they are condemned to have been the natural outbreak of that bad moral feeling in the community, which has been brought about by the negligence of some of us, and the direct encouragement of others. I confess, I know not on what party the blame principally rests. We have all been asleep, or blind; or, what is worse, so given up to worldly cares and vanities, that we have not discerned or cared for the national demoralisation which has been going on around us. We have suffered communities to grow up without the knowledge of God or the ordinances of religion, madly shutting our eyes to the inevitable consequences; and thus an immoral, turbulent, heathen population has been engendered, which now threatens us with destruction. Nay, so far from exerting ourselves to check the growing evil, men have been found in high stations, who have dared to ally themselves with it. The spirit of insubordination has been fostered for selfish ends, by the very persons who now cry out against it—tumultuous assemblages have been permitted by those in authority—posts of honour and emolument conferred on men of revolutionary principles; in short, every means have been taken which were most likely to breed contempt for human law,

and carelessness of the restraints of religion. Many of the upper classes, and a large proportion of the middle, have either sinfully promoted, or carelessly acquiesced in this ungodly spirit. And now that the ground is shaking beneath them, and the fire ready to burst forth, they wonder at the results, which, if Satan had not blinded their eyes, might have been long ago discerned. The promoters of this state of things have now begun to discover the fatal tendency of their policy, and wish to retrace their steps. The nation looks for safety, but can find none, except in the restoration of our lost principles. Even liberal statesmen talk of the need of giving religious instruction to the people. The middle classes are fast leaving the ranks of Radicalism. The Dissenters are opening their eyes to the dangers resulting from the principles which they have promoted; for dissent, in its origin, is but one form of that spirit of insubordination and self-will which is at the bottom of all our evils. Till lately, men have supposed that they were at perfect liberty to choose their own religion; and that no harm could come of it. They were unaware, that separation from the Church was the fruitful parent of irreverence, disloyalty, and disregard for authority. But now they are beginning to discern the tendency of their principles; though, I fear, they are not yet prepared to recant them."

Mr. Walton paused for a moment, and then

resumed : " I really pity the Dissenters from my heart ; many of them are upright, peaceable, and honest men, and perhaps have only followed the religion of their parents : so true it is, that children even to the third or fourth generation suffer for their parents' sins. Others have embraced dissent from local circumstances, and from utter ignorance of its sinfulness and evil tendency ; and now they find themselves surrounded in the meshes of a party, the tools of a set of selfish politicians, who use them for their purposes. They are brought up in a body at elections to vote for irreligious men, who are hastening the ruin of their country ; and scarce one or two here and there have strength of mind to stand manfully forward against their party. But I think we may look to the force of circumstances, and the prevalence of right principles, for a reaction, and a return of many Dissenters to the communion of the Church ; from the conviction that the Church was instituted by Christ himself as the bond of union amongst Christians upon earth, and that it is the only sure promoter of peace and happiness among men. Already some of the Wesleyans are ranging themselves on the side of Church - principles and political order. I cannot but think that advantage might be taken of this disposition, and that we might at once strengthen the cause of truth, and confer on the Wesleyans the greatest boon which they could receive, by making them again members of the

Church, from which they separated in times when the true principles of Church-membership were little known or practised even within the Church herself. That man would indeed do an important service to religion, and at the same time would be a real benefactor to his country, who should be the means, under Providence, of bringing back the Wesleyans within the pale of the Church.

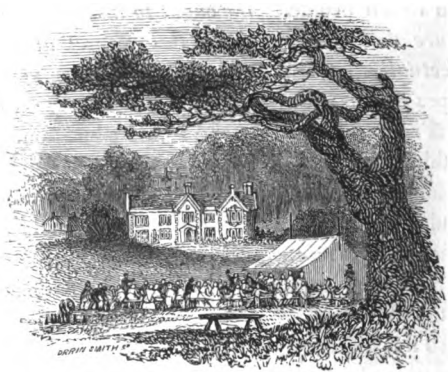
“ But we must look for safety mainly to the increasing energy of the Church itself. It has been the indolence of the Church,—not of the clergy only, but laity as well—all of us, in short,—it has been our indolence which has given rise to this state of things ; it must be our reviving energy which, under the blessing of God, shall amend it.

“ The prospect before us is indeed alarming, yet hopeful. The problem seems to be, whether the evil has so far got ahead, that it can be no longer coped with, but must burst forth sooner or later ; or whether it is possible yet to stem it. There has been a rapid and favourable change of feeling in many quarters, and the good feeling is still advancing. Supposing it to go on as it now is doing, is it possible to recover our lost ground ? Humanly speaking, perhaps we could have little hope ; but we are in the hands of a merciful God, who may yet spare us. One hundred years did he wait while the ark was preparing ; and had men listened to the preaching of his servant Noah, they might even then

have been saved. The captivity of Jerusalem was retarded by the good influence of Hezekiah and Josiah. Nineveh was pardoned and spared. It may, therefore, depend now on our prayers and our repentance, whether God shall save us from calamity. The vial, even now ready to be poured out, may be suspended; and God may shorten the days of our suffering. We have much reason for fear; yet let not fear paralyse our exertion. Our first and great effort should be, the restoration of the Church to a state of efficiency, so as to offer religious instruction to our people. *We ought to insist on our legislature doing their duty in this respect at once and effectually.* But I am inclined to place very great hopes for the future welfare of the country on the efforts now making to extend sound education. More, I think, may be done by training the rising generation in religious habits, than by reclaiming the adults. Let God, in his great mercy, only give us time, and bless our efforts with his favour, and the spirit now aroused may yet frustrate the endeavours of the evil one."

Thus did our aged Citizen, though, in the course of nature, he could hope for but a few more years on earth, still cherish in his heart a love of his country and kindred, and an intense interest in their welfare. His prayers were offered daily to God in their behalf; and his example shed a lustre around, which we trust will live long after he himself shall have departed to his rest.

And thus it is that the spirit of a nation is preserved and transmitted in many a mysterious link ; and though in some worldly self-willed generations it may well-nigh seem to die away, yet will it live in the hearts of a few faithful men, and again blaze forth in all its brightness.



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